

The TABLE

CANT. I.

Moanful Dirge on the death of fair *King Henry the Second's* Concubine, who was poisoned in *Normandy* by *Queen Eleanor*, Wife to *King Henry*.

Cant. 2. How the *Duchess of Suffolk* with her young son (who was afterwards *Countess of Kent*) fled into *France*, in the time of that bloody persecution of *Queen Eleanor*, and of the *Calamities* that befall them in the way.

Cant. 3. How *King Henry the First* had his Children drown'd in the Sea, as they came out of *France*.

Cant. 4. *King Henry the Second* crowning his Son *Henry* in his life-time, shortly after the young King makes War with his Father; and being visited with sickness, was troubled in conscience, begs forgiveness, his Father sending him King's pardon thereof. The young King deploring his wretched fate, caused himself to be drawn with a Halber from his Bed where he lay, and laid on a Bed beset with Ashes, and so dyed penitently.

Cant. 5. The woful Lamentation of *Queen Eleanor*, wife to *King Henry the Second*, who after sixteen years imprisonment, her Son *Richard* being Crowned King, *Richard* at *Barley*.

Cant. 6. Of *King Edward the Second's* imprisonment in *Barley-Castle*, by *Queen Isabel*, his wife.

Cant. 7. Of the lamentable Murder of *King Edward the Second*, being prisoner in *Barley-Castle*, who after many torments made by his Keepers to deprive him of his life, was murdered in his Bed with a hot burning Spire.

Cant. 8. The Lamentations of the Lord *Murphy*, and *Thomas Garney*, being banished the Realm.

Cant. 9. The death of *King John*, and how he was poisoned by a Monk at *Swinstead-Abbey* in *Lincolnshire*.

Cant. 10. The valiant courage and policy of the *Normans*, which overcame *William the Conqueror*, who brought them from them their ancient Laws and Customs, which they have to this day.

The Table.

Cont. 11. The winning of the *Ile of Man*, by the *Earl of Salisbury*.

Cont. 12. The Rebellion of *Wat Tyler* and *Jack Straw* with others, against *Richard the Second*, and how the *Mayor of London*, with a *Dagger* stab'd *Wat Tyler* in *Smithfield*, for which was added the *Dagger* in the *City Shield*.

Cont. 13. A pleasant *Ditty* of the *King* and the *Souldier*.

Cont. 14. A *Ditty* of a *King* that committed the keeping of his *Fountain* of rare vertues unto his eldest daughter.

A *Speech* between *Ladies* being *Shepherds*, on *Salisbury plain*.

Cont. 15. A short *Song* of the *Reins* of *Q. Mary* and *Q. Elizabeth*.

Cont. 16. How *King Edgar* of *England* was deceived of a fair Maid which he loved, by a *Knight* of his *Court*, and how *King Edgar* was married to her.

Cont. 17. Of *King Edward* the *Third*, and the fair *Countesse* of *Salisbury*.

Cont. 18. A *Sonnet* between *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

Cont. 19. The *Lovers* Complaint for the loss of his *Love*.

Cont. 20. The *Unfortunate Lover*.

Cont. 21. A pleasant *Ditty* of *Daphne* and *Apollo*.

Cont. 22. The wooing *Lover*.

Cont. 23. Her Answer to the wooing *Lover*.

Cont. 24. The *Lovers* Lamentation to his *Love Nanny*.

Cont. 25. The parting *Lovers* farewell to his *Love Nanny*.

Cont. 26. The comfortable Answer of *Nanny*.

Cont. 27. A new *Sonnet* made by a *Maid* in praise of her *Love*, whose truth and constancy she doth triumph.

Cont. 28. A *Lover* bewailing the absence of his *Love*.

Cont. 29. A delicate wooing of a *Maiden of Honour* by a *Gentleman* pertaining to the *Duke of Norfolk*.

Cont. 30. A *Godly Ditty* exhorting to *Repentance*.



Strang



Strange Histories :

O R,

The Garland of Delight.

CANT. I.

Mournful Ditty on the death of fair *Resonant*,
King *Henry* the Seconds Concubine; who was
poisoned in *Woodstock-Bower* by *Queen Elizabeth*,
Wife to King *Henry*.



To the Tune of, *Flaming Flower*.

When as King *Henry* rul'd his land
the second of that name,

Then the Queen he dearly lov'd
a fair and princely Dame :

Peerless was her beauty found
her labour and her face,

Dearest creature in this world
had never prince's embrace.

Her curl'd locks like threads of gold
spread to each man's sight.

Strange Histories: Or,
Her comely eyes like orient Pearls,
Did cast a Heavenly light:
The blood within her cheek did
Gave such a colour to the,
As though the Rose and the Kisse
By nature were distill'd.

O Rose Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
Her name was call'd so:
To whom Dame Elinor but a Queen
Was known a deadly Foe.
The King therefore for her sake
Against the furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a Bower,
The like was never seen.

So curiously that Bower was built
Of Stone and Timber strong:
A hundred and fifty Doore,
And so that Bower belong.
And they so cunningly contriv'd,
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clew of thred
could enter in or out.

And for his Love and Ladies sake,
That was so fair and bright,
The keeping of this Bower he gave
unto a valiant Knight.
But Fortune that both often crown,
Where it befoze did smile;
The Kingdome brought the Ladies to,



The Garland of Delight

all soon the his beguile.

Why he things ungracious Son,
from he his high abance,
and his Father called him
in the Realm of France :
yet before our comely King,
English Land and Look,
Rosamond his Lady said,
farewel thus he took.

Rosamond, my onely Koe,
that pleassest best my Eye ;
the fairest flower in all the world
to feed my fantasie :
the flower of my affected heart,
whose sweetness doth exceed
on Koyal Koe a hundred times
I bid thee now farewel.

For I must leave my fairest flower ;
my sweetest Koe a space,
and cross the Seas to famous France,
against Rebels to abuse :
but yet my Koe be sure thou shalt
my coming shortly see,
and in my heart when hence I am,
I'll bear my Koe with me.

When Rosamond, that Lady bright,
did hear the King say so,
the sorrow of her grieved heart
her outward looks did show :

Strange Histories: Or,
And from her clear and chaste eyes,
The tears gush't out apace,
Which like the silver pearled dew,
Can beaut her comely face.

Her lips like to the coral red,
Did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceiv'd,
Her vital spirits did fail:
And falling down all in a swoond,
Before King Henries face,
Fell off within his princely arms,
Her body did embrace.

And twenty times with wa:

(try eyes,

he kiss her tender Cheek,
Till he had refresh'd again,
Her senses mild and meek:

Why grieves my Kise my sweetest Kise,
The King did often say,

Because quoth he, to bloody Wars,
My Lord must part away.

But were your Grace in forraign coasts,
Amongst your foes unkind,

Must go on hazard life and limb,

Why should I stay behind?

May rather let me like a Page,

The Sword and Target bear,

That on my Breast the blow may light,

That should offend you there.



The Garland of Delight

Put me in your Royal Tent,
Prepare your bed at night,
And with sweet beds refresh your
And your return from fight:
And your presence may enjoy,
No toy I will refuse,
But wanting you my life is death,
Which both true love abuse.
Content thy self my dearest love,
Thy rest at home shall be,
In England's sweet and pleasant soil,
For travel fits not thee:
Fair Ladies brook no bloody wars,
Sweet peace their pleasure breed,
The nourisher of hearts content,
Which fancy first did seed.
My Kite shall rest in Woodstock Palace
With musick sweet delight,
While I among the piercing Pikes,
Against my foes do fight:
My Kite in Robes of Pearl and Gold,
With Diamonds richly dight,
Shall dance the galliards of my love
While I my foes do smite.
And you Sir Thos. whom I trust
To be my Loves defence,
Be careful of my gallant Kite,
When I am parted hence.
The tower of mine afflicted heart,
Whose stoutness both excel:



Strange Villainies On
My Royal Wife, an hundred times
I bid thee now farewell.

And at their parting well they might
In heart be grieved sore;

After that day late Rosamond
The King did see no more:

For when his Grace was past the Seas,
And into France was gon,
Queen Elinor with rancorous heart,
To Woodstock came anon:

And sayth she call'd this traitor Knight
Which kept this curious Tower,
Who with his cleme of twisted cheere
Came from the famous flower:

And when that they had wounded him,
The Queen his cheere did get,
And went where Lady Rosamond
Was like an Angel set.

And when the Queen with Redde Eye
Saw her beautiful Face,
She was amazed in her mind
At her exceeding grace.

And all from thee these Robes (she said)
So rich and costly be,
I will thou up this head brought
Which I have brought to thee.

Presently upon her knees





The Garland of Penance
Sweet Rosamond his fall,
And pardon of the Queen she crav'd,
For her offenders all.
Take pity on my youthful years,
(Fair Rosamond did cry)
And let me not with poison strong
Enforced be to die.

I will renounce my sinful life,
And in some Cloister hide;
Or else be banished if you please,
To range the World so wide.
And for the fault that I have done,
Though I was forc'd thereunto,
For to be my life and punish me
As you think good to do.

And with these words her little hands
She wrung full often there,
And down along her comely face,
Proceeded many a tear:
But nothing could this furious Queen
Therewith appeased be,
The cup of Deadly poison still
As she sat on her knee.

She gave this comely Maid to drink,
And took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand,
And casting up her eyes to Heaven

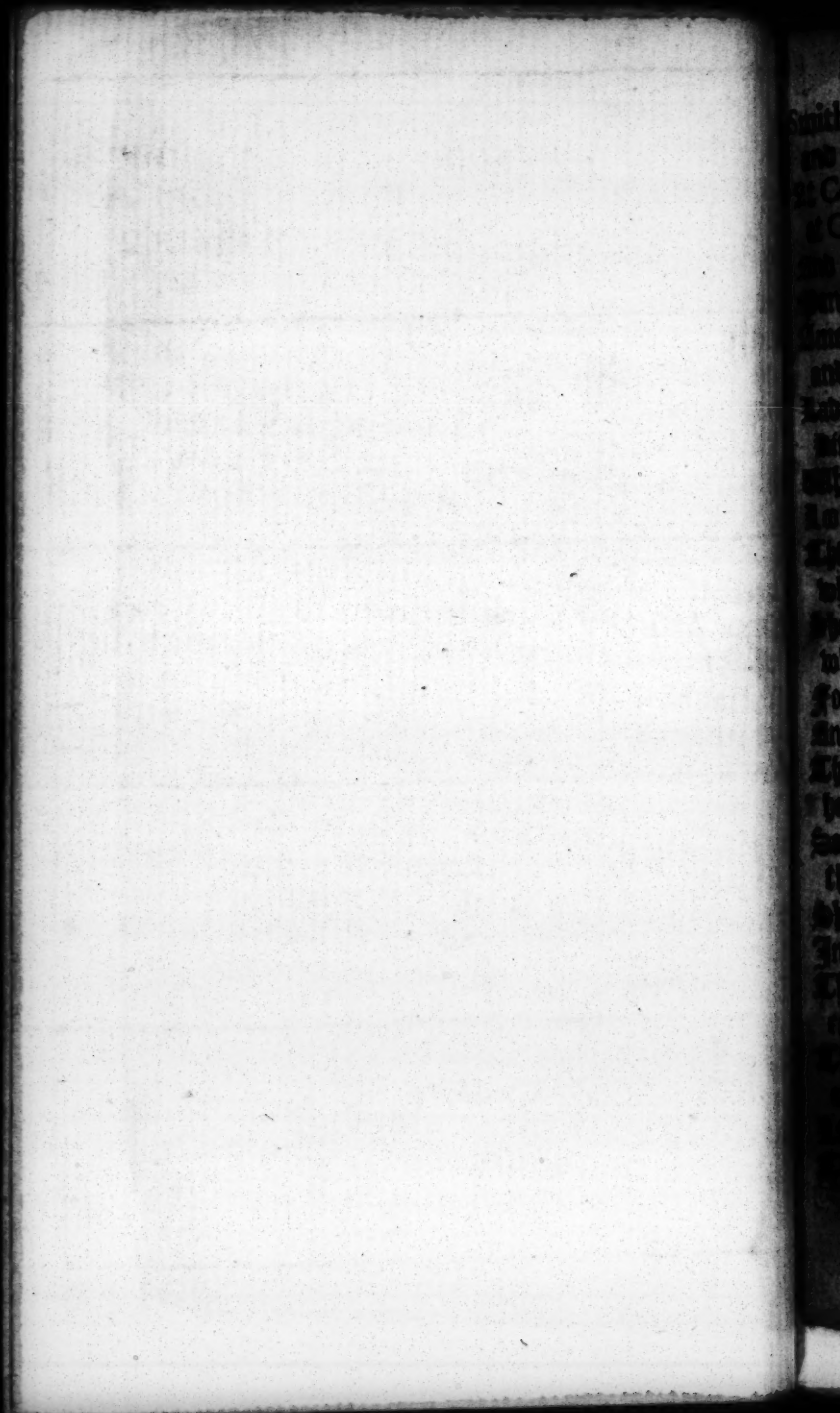
The Garland of delight
We did for mercy call;
And drinking up the poplar strong;
her life she lost withall.
And when that death through every limb
haddone her greatest spight
Her chiefest foes did plain confess,
The was a glorious sight:
Her body then they did entomb,
when life was fled away,
At Woodstock near to Oxford Town,
as may be seen this day.

CANT. II.

How the Dutcheß of Suffolk with her young
daughter (which was afterwards Countess of Kent)
fled into Germany for safety of her life in the time
of that bloody persecution of *Q. Mary*, & of the
miserable calamities that beset them in the way.

To the Tune of, *Queen Dido*.

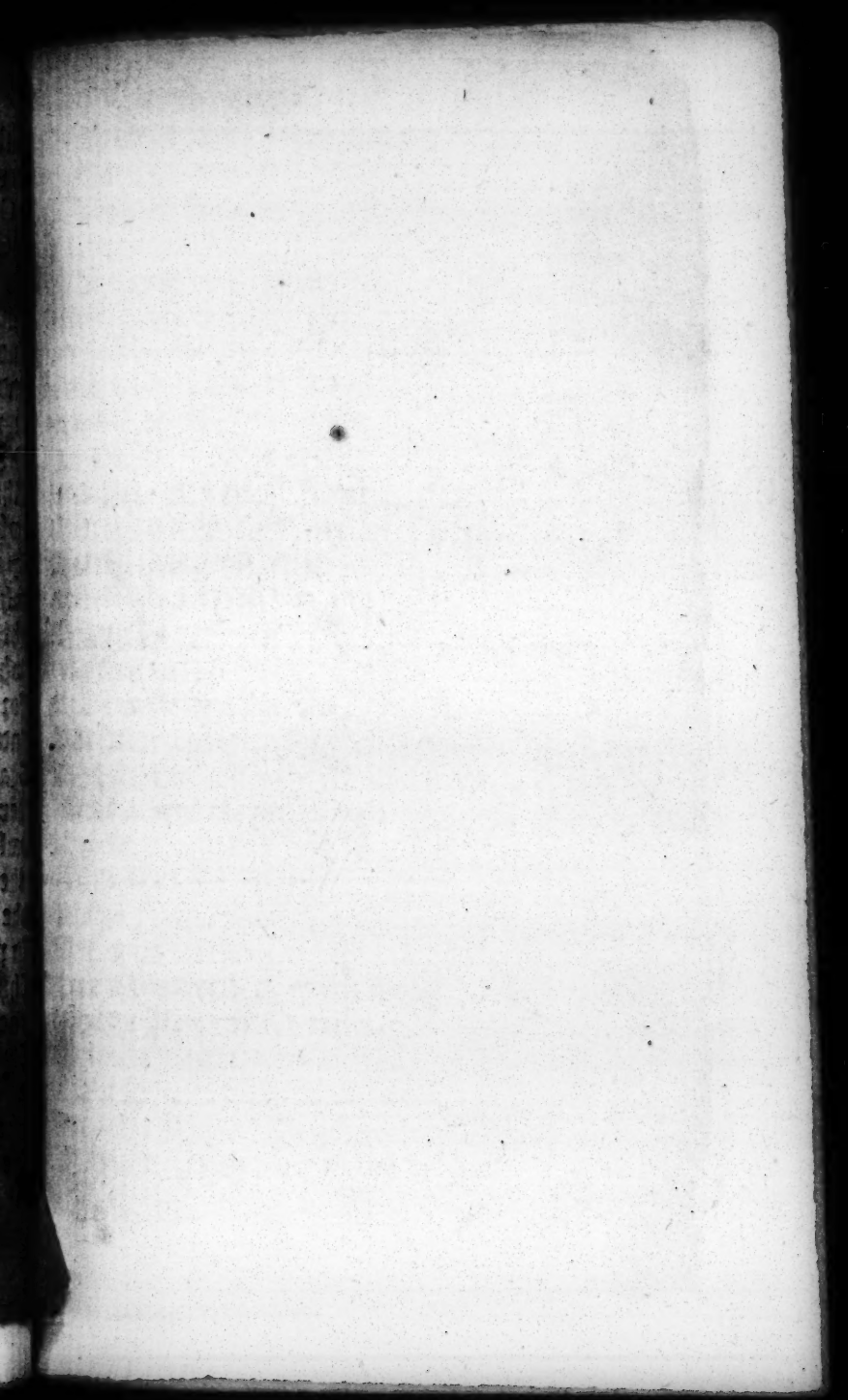
When God had taken for our sin,
that pious Prince Edward away,
Then bloody Bonner did begin
his raging malice to display:
All those that did the Truth profess
he persecuted more or less.
Thus when the Lord on us did smile,
many in prison he did thral,
Excommunicating them in Lollards Tower,
whereby they taught the truth longer:
Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest,
were burnt in fire, that Christ might rest.



The Garland of Delight.

Smithfield was then with fagots fill'd;
and many places more heere;
at Coventry was Sanders kill'd;
at Gloucester the good Hooper dy'd;
and to escape that bloody day,
they beyond sea fled away.
Among the rest that sought relief,
and for her faith in danger stood,
Lady Elizabeth was chief,
King Henries Daughter of Royal blood,
which in the Tower did Prisoner lie,
looking each day when she would dye.
The Dutchess of Suffolk seeing this,
whose life likewise the Tyrant sought,
she in the hope of heavenly bliss,
which in Gods word her comfort brought;
for fear of death was faine to dye,
and leave her house most secretly.
That for the love of Christ alone,
her Land and Goods she left behind;
seeking still for that precious Rose,
the word of truth so rare to find;
she with her Nurse, her Husband and Child,
in poor array their sights beguile.
Thus through London they pass along,
and soon did take a several street;
and all confusion sleeping bying,
at midnight they all did meet:
the people poor in Graveland Barge,
they simply went with all their charge.

The Souldiers of delight
Went all along from Calcutta to Canton
With their trade journeying on but they went
Into the Sea Coast they came to land
To pass the Seas was their intent
And God provided to that part
That they took ship and sail'd to sea
And with a prosperous gale of wind,
In Flanders safe they did arrive:
And soon to their great sale of wine,
And from their hearts much was they dybe:
That is to say thanks to God on high
They took their way to Germany:
And as they travel'd by all disguise
Upon the High way suddenly
By cruel Thieves they were surpris'd
Attending their poor Company,
And all their Treasure and their store
They took away and beat them sore
And durst in midst of the night
Lay down the Child upon the ground
And run away out of their sight
And never after that was found
When by the Dutchels made great moan
With her good husband all along
And if they had their Boxes full
And all their money quite had took
The pretty Babe almost spall'd
Was by the Dutchels found
And they for him their friends did send
And he was in a short time found



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The Garland of Delight.

The wifes like wote began to scowl,
The hall'd and rain'd in pitious sort,
The way was long and wondrous foul;
When may I know full well report,
Their grief and sorow was not small;
When this unhappy chance did fall.
Sometimes the Dutchels bore the child,
As wet as eber she could be;
And when the Lady kind and milde
And weary, then the child took be:
And thus they one another eas'd,
And with their fortunes were well pleas'd,
And after many weary steps
All wetshon both in dirt and mire;
For much grief their hearts yet leape,
In labour both some rest require.
A Town before them they did see,
But lodg'd therein they could not be,
From house to house they both did go,
Seeking where they at night might lye,
But want of Money was their woe,
And still the babe with cold did cry.
With cap and knee they curtley make,
But none on them would pity take.
Here a Princeles of great blood
To pray a Peasant for relief,
Whose tears bedew'd as the flood,
A few or none regards her grief:
For speech they could not understand,
But gave her a penny in her hand.

Strange Histories; Or,
When all in vain their pains was spent,
and that they could no house room get,
Into a Church Porch then they went,
to stand out of the rain and wet:
Then said the Dutche s to her deare,
Oh that we had some fire here.
Then did her husband so provide,
that fire and coals he got with speed;
She late down by the fire fire,
to dress her daughter that had need:
And while she dress it in her lap,
Her husband made the infant pap.
Anon the Sexton thither came,
and finding them there by the fire,
The drunken Knave, all void of shame,
to drive them out was his desire.
And spurning forth this noble Dame,
Her Husbands wrath it did inflame.
And all in fury as he stood,
he tyeing the Church-keys from his hand,
And struck him so, that all of blood
his head ran down where he did stand:
Wherefore the Sexton presently,
For aid and help aloud did cry.
Then came the Officers in haste,
and took the Dutchess and her child;
And with her husband thus they past,
like Lambs beset with Tygers wild:
And to the Governor did them bring,
Who understood them in no thing.



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The Garland of Delight.

Then noble Bartue brave and bold,
In Latin made a gallant speech,
Which all their miseries did unfold,
And their high labour did befeet.
With that a Doctor sitting by,
Did know the Dutchess presently;
And thereupon arising straight,
With mind abashed at this sight,
Unto them all that there did wait,
He thus brake forth in words aright:
Behold within your sight (quoth he)
A Prince of most high degree.
That the Governour and the rest
Were all amazed the same to hear,
Who welcomed these new come guests
With reverence great and princely cheer.
And afterwards convey'd they were
Unto their friend Prince Cassimere,
For he had in Germany,
Perigrine Bartue call'd by name,
Whom the good Lord Willoughby,
Of courage great and worthy fame.
His daughter young with her went,
And afterwards Countess of Kent,
When Queen Mary was deceast,
The Dutchess home return'd again,
Who was of sorrow quite releast,
Queen Elizabeths happy Reign.
For whose life and prosperitie
We may praise God continually.

How King *Henry* the first had his children
ed in the Sea, as they came out of France.
To the Tune of *The Ladies Dangle*

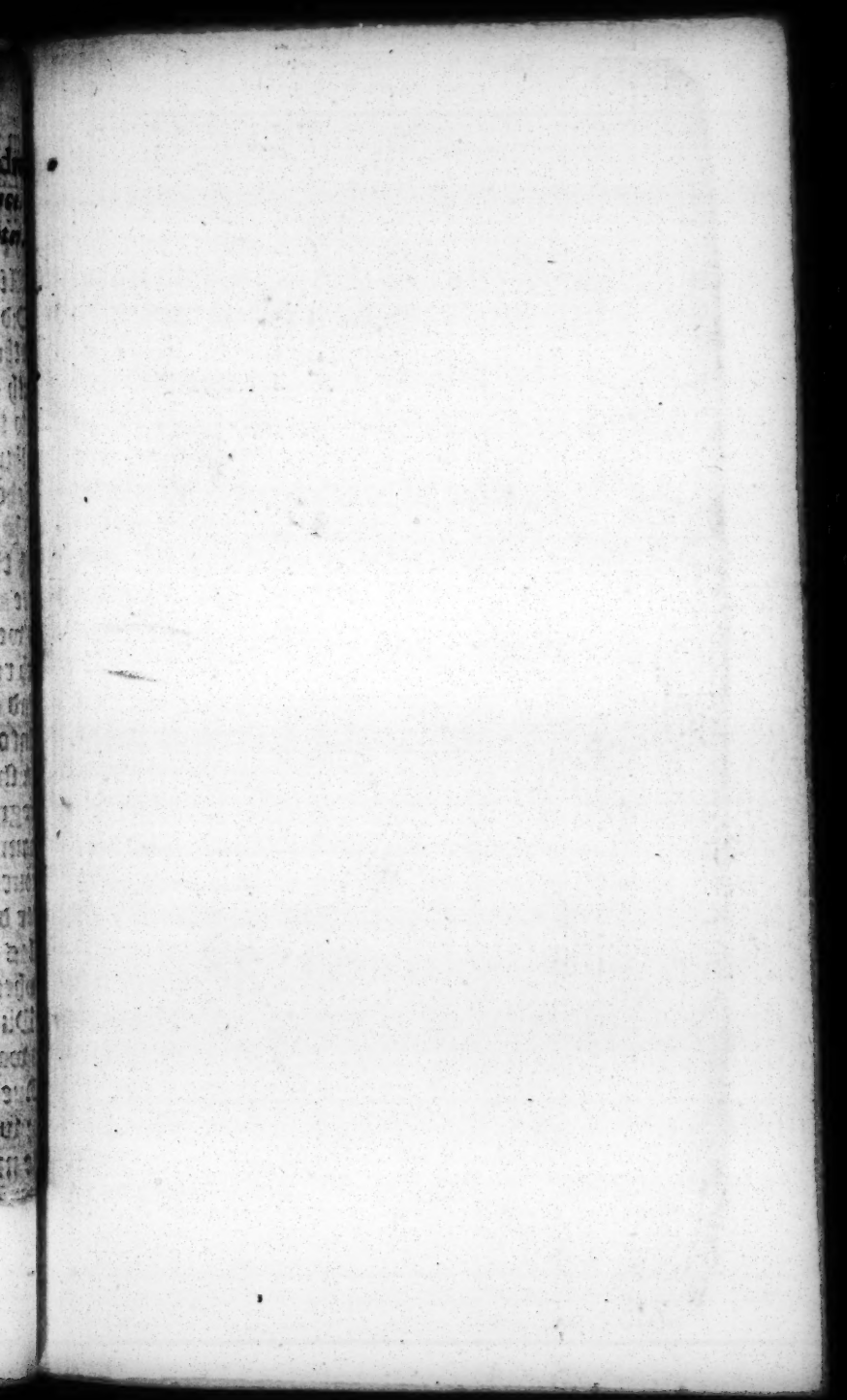
After our Royal King
had sojourn'd in France,
And spent the pleasant Spring
his honour to advance;
Into faire England he return'd
with fame and victory,
What time the subjects of this Land
receiv'd him joyfully.

But at his homeie return
his children left he still
In France for to sojourn
to purchase learned skill:
Duke William with his brother dear,
Lord Richard was his name,
Which was the Earl of Chester then,
and thirsted after fame.

The Kings faire daughter eke,
the Lady Mary bright,
With others noble Peers,
and many a hardy Knight:

All these were left together there
in pleasures and delight,
When that our King to England came,
after the bloody fight.

But when faire Flora had
drawn forth her treasure hid,



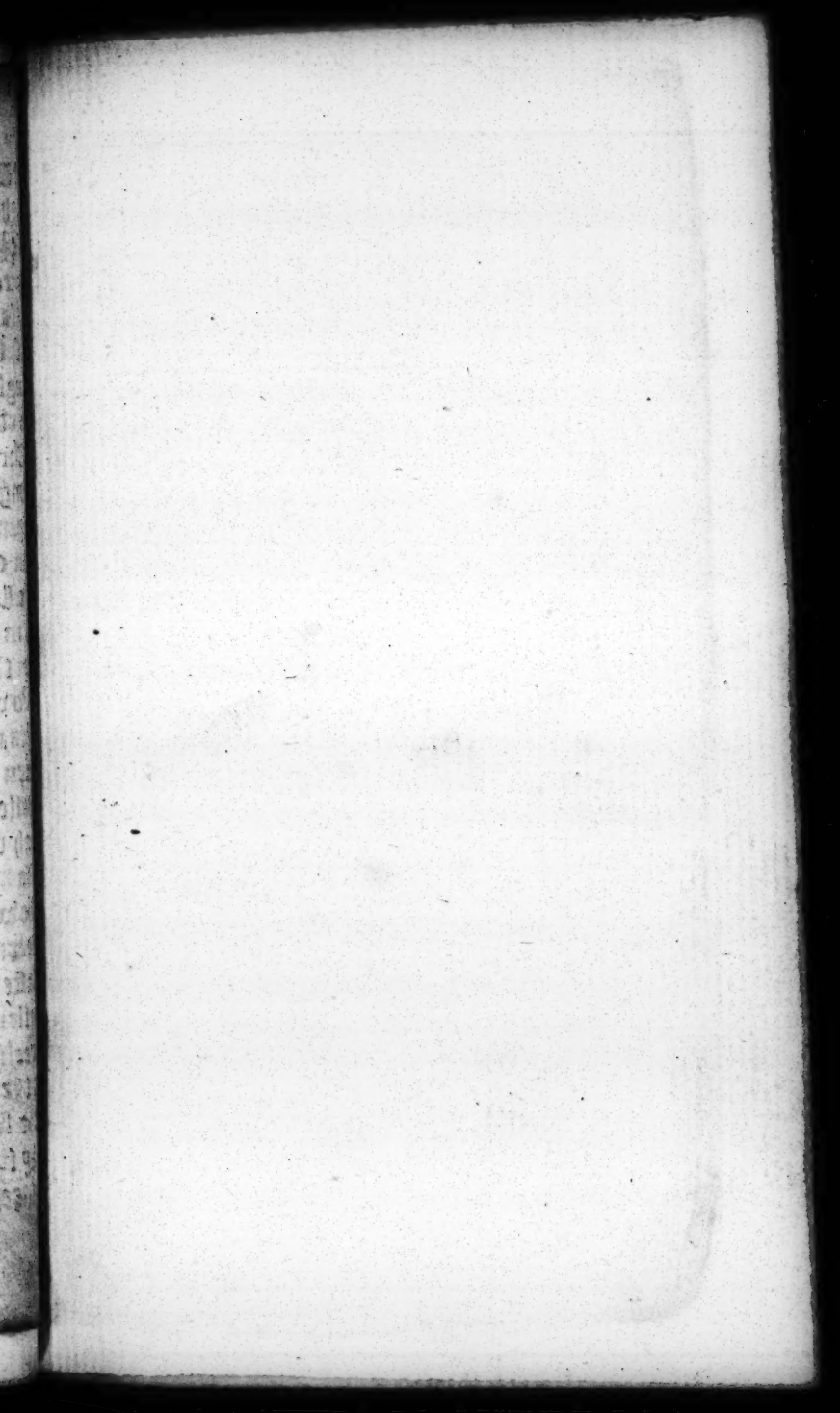
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The Garland of Delight

That Winter cold and sad
With hoary head drest high;
The Princes all with one consent,
Prepared all things meet,
To pass the Seas for faire England,
Whose sight to them was sweet.
England let us hie,
For every one did cry,
On Christmas day with high,
No longer let us stay
To spend the Christmas-timen
At our Fathers Court,
Where Lady Pleasure doth attend,
With many a princely sport.
When those Princes went,
All with mirth and joy;
This their merriment
Turn to dear annoy.
Sailers and the Shipmen all,
Withough soul exels of will,
So disguis'd that on the Sea
How'd themselves like Swine;
Stern no man could guide,
Waker sleeping lay,
Sailers all beside
Reeling every way,
The Ship at random rode
In the foaming Flood,
In peril of their lives
Princes always took.

Strange Histories: Or,

Which made distilling tears
from their faire eyes to fall ;
Their hearts were fill'd with fears,
no help they had at all :
They wist themselves upon the Land
a thousand times and more,
And at the last they came in sight
of Englands pleasant shore.
Then every one began
to turn their sighs to smiles ;
Their colour pale and wan,
a chearful look exiles :
The princely Lords most lovingly
their Ladies did embrace ;
For now in England shall we be
(quoth they) in little space.
Take comfort then (they said)
behold the Land at last ;
Then be no more dismay'd,
the worst is gone and past.
But while they did this joyful hope
with comfort entertain,
The goodly Ship upon a Rock,
in sunder burst in twain.
With that a grievous shriek
among them there was made,
And every one did seek
on something to be staid ;
But all in vain such help they sought,
The Ship so soon did sink ;



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The Garland of Delight.

That in the Sea they were constrain'd,
 to take their latest drink.
 There might you see the Lords
 and Ladies for to life
 amidst the salt sea foam,
 with many a grievous cry:
 still labouring for life's defence
 with stretched arms abroad,
 and lifting up their lilly hands,
 for help with one accord.
 But as good fortune would,
 the sweet young Duke did get
 into the Cock-boat then,
 where safely he did sit:
 but when he heard his Sister cry,
 the Kings fair Daughter dear,
 he turn'd his Boat to take her in,
 whose death did draw so near,
 that while he strove to take
 his sweet young Sister in;
 the rest such shift did make
 in sea as they did swim,
 that to the Boat a number go,
 many, as at the last
 the Boat, and all that were therein,
 were drown'd and over-cast,
 Lords and Gentlemen,
 and Ladies fair of face,
 not one escaped then,
 which was a heavy case.

Strange Histories: Or,

Threescore and ten were brow'd in all,
and none escaped death,
But one poor Butcher which had crown'd
himself quite out of breath.
This was most heaby news
unto our comely King,
Who did all mirth refuse,
this word when they did bring:
For by this means no child he had
his Kingdom to succeed,
Whereby his others son was King,
as you shall plainly read.

C A N T. IV.

King *Henry* the Second Crowning his Son *Henry*
in his lifetime, shortly after the young King made
War against his Father: And being visited with
sickness, and troubled in conscience, begs forgiveness:
His Father sending him his Ring in token thereof.
The young King deploring his wretched life, con-
fessed himself to be drawn with a Halter from his
Bed where he lay, and laid on a Bed bestrewed
with Ashes, and so died penitently.

To the Tune of *Wigmores Galliard*.

You Parents whose affections fond
upon your Children doth appear,
Mark well the Story now in hand,
wherein you shall great matters hear;
And learn by this which shall be told,
to hold your Children still in awe,
Lest otherwise they prove too bold,

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The Garland of Delight

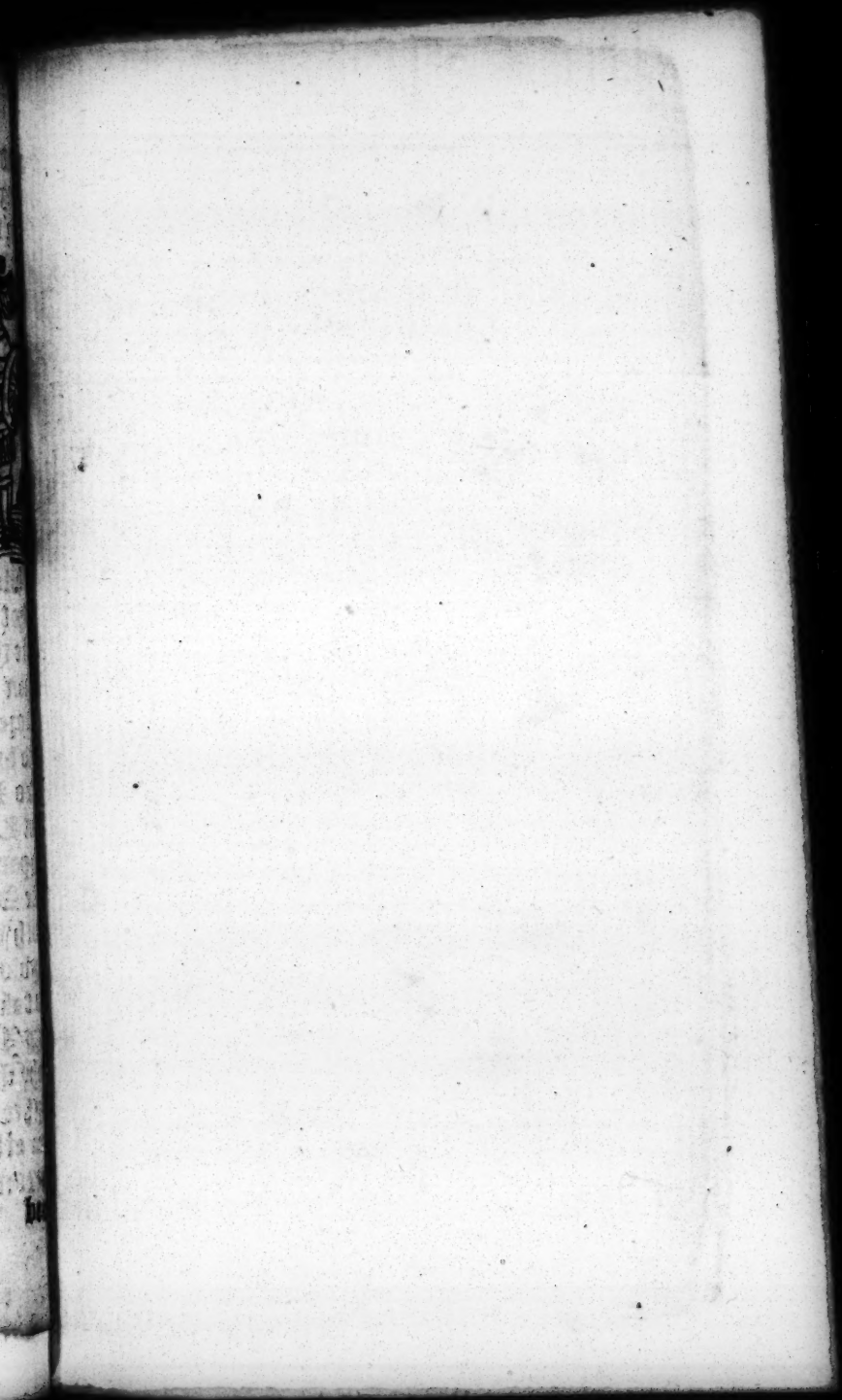
And set not by your state a straw,
King Henry, second of that name,
By very love that he did bear
unto his Son, whose courteous fame
led through the land his credit rear,
He call the Prince upon a day
unto the Court in royal sort,
Dressed in most rich array,
And there he made him princely sport;
And afterward he took in hand,
For fear he should deceiue him,
To crown him King of fast England,
While life possesse his Majesty,
That time the King in humble sort,
Like to a Subject waited then
Upon his Son and by report,
Gave unto him his Noble men.
And by this means in England now
Two Kings at once together live;
But Lordly rule will not allow
In partnership their days to liue;
The Son therefore ambitiously
Doth seek to pull his Father down,
By bloody war and subtilty,
To take from him his princely Crown.
Thus I am King (thus did he say)
Why should I not both rule and reign,
My heart desires for to obey;
Yea all or nothing will I gain.
Person he called Aquiles great,

and

Strange Histories: Or, IT

and draw a number to this part,
 His fathers force down right to beat,
 and with his spear to pierce his heart.
 In seven set Battels did he fight
 against his loving Father dear,
 To overthrow him in despite
 to win himself a Kingdom clear.
 But nought at all could he prevaile,
 his Armes always had the worst:
 Such grief then did his heart assaile,
 he thought himself of God accurst.
 And therefore falling wondrous sick
 he humbly to his Father sent;
 The worm of Conscience did him prick,
 and his vile deeds he did lament:
 Requiring that his noble Grace,
 would now forget all that was past,
 And come to him in heaby case,
 being at point to breath his last.
 When this word came unto our King,
 the newes did make him wondrous woe,
 And unto him he sent his King,
 where he in prison would not go.
 Commend me to my Son he said,
 so sick in bed as he doth lye,
 And tell him I am well apaid
 to hear he doth for mercy cry:
 The Lord forgive his foul offence,
 and I forgive them all (quoth he)
 His evil with good Ile recompence,





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The Garland of Delight

sent him this message now from me;
when that the Prince did see the King;
he kissed it in joyful wise;
and for his faults his hands did wise;
while bitter tears gush from his eyes:
then to his Lords that stood him nigh,
with feeble voice then did he call;
Desiring them immediately
to strip him from his garments all.
Take off from me these Robes so rich,
and lay me in a cloath of hair:
Quoth he my grievous sins are such,
hell fire's flame I greatly fear.
A hempen halter then he took,
about his neck he put the same,
And with a grievous piteous look
his speech unto them he did frame:
you reverend Bishops more and less,
pray for my soul to God on high;
for like a thief I do confess,
I have deserved for to dye.
And therefore by this halter here,
I yield my self unto you all,
A wretch unworthy to appear
before my God Celestial.
Therefore within that hempen bed,
all strew'd with ashes as it is,
Let me be laid when I am dead,
and draw me there unto by this:
Yea, by this Halter strong and tough,

Strippes Histories: Or,

drag forth my carcass to the same,
 that is that crucie not bad enough,
 to my vile body to apt in shame.
 And when you see me lie along,
 bepowdered in ashes there;
 say, there is he that did such wrong
 unto his father ebery where.
 And with that word he breath'd his last;
 wherefore according to his mind,
 They drew him by the neck full fast
 unto the place by him assign'd.
 And of erewhile in solemn sort
 at Roan in France buried was he,
 where many Princes did resort
 to his most royal obsequy.



CANT. V.

The lamentation of Queen Elinor, wife to King
 Henry the Second, being kept twenty six years in
 prison, who was the cause the Kings Sons so unna-
 turally Rebelled against their Father: whom her
 Son *Richard* when he came to be King released.
 And now at her deliverance she caused many Pri-
 soners to be set at liberty.

To the Tune of, *Come live with me.*

To see was is me unhappy Queen,
 thus to offend my gracious Lord,
 my foul offence to plain is seen,
 and of good people much abhorr'd.
 I do confesse my fault it was,
 that it should thus come thus to pass,



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The Garland of Delight

My jealous mind hath wrought my woe,
let all good Ladies turn mistrust,
by envy wrought my overthrow
and by my malice most unjust,
My Sons did seek their Fathers life,
by bloody wars and cruel strife.
What more unkindness could be shown
to any Prince of high renown;
Then by his Queen and love alone,
to stand in danger of his Crown?
For this offence most worthily
in doleful prison do I lye.
But that which most torments my mind,
and makes my grievous heart complain,
is for to think that most unkind,
I brought my self to such disdain,
that now the King cannot abide
I should be lodged by his side.
In doleful prison I am cast,
debar'd of Princely company;
The King's good will quite have I lost,
and purchast nought but infamy
and never must I see him more,
whose absence grieves my heart full sore.
All sixteen Winters have I been
imprisoned in this Dungeon deep,
whereby my joys are waked clean,
and my poor eyes have learn'd to weep.
I never since I could attain
to singly love to me again,

Strange Histories: Or,
Too much indeed I must confesse,
I did abuse his royal Grace;
And by my great maliciousness
his wrong I wrought in every place;
And thus his love I turn'd to hate
which I repent, but all too late.
Sweet Rosamond that was so faire,
out of her curious Bower I brought;
A poisoned cup I gave her there,
whereby her death was quickly wrought:
The which I did with all despite,
because she was the Kings delight.
Thus often did the Queen lament,
as she in prison long did lye;
Her former deeds she did repent,
with many watery weeping eye:
But at the last this news was spied,
the King was on a sudden dead,
But when she heard these tydings told,
most bitterly she mourned then,
Her woful heart she did unfold
in sight of many Noble men.
And her son Richard being King,
from doleful prison did her bring:
Who let her so to rule his land,
while to Jerusalem he went;
And while she had his charge in hand,
her care was great in Government,
And many Prisoners there in hold
she let at large from Irons cold.



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The Garland of delight.

CANT. VI.

King Edward the Second being sent Prisoner to
Barkley-Castle by Queen Isabel his wife, was de-
posed by his Nobles, and his Son Edward made
King in his stead, the Queen causing Letters
to be written to make him away.



To the Tune of, Labandallabot.

When Mabella, late Englands Queen
in woful wars victorious had been,
in comely King, her husband deat,
wou'd by strength as did appear,
her was sent to prison strong,
having done his Countrey wrong,
Barkley-Castle call was he,
depriv'd of royal Dignity:
there he was kept in woful wise,
the Queen did him so much despise,
there did he live in woful state,
his womans deadly hate,
his sickle fancy follow'd change,
his lustful thoughts begin to reign.

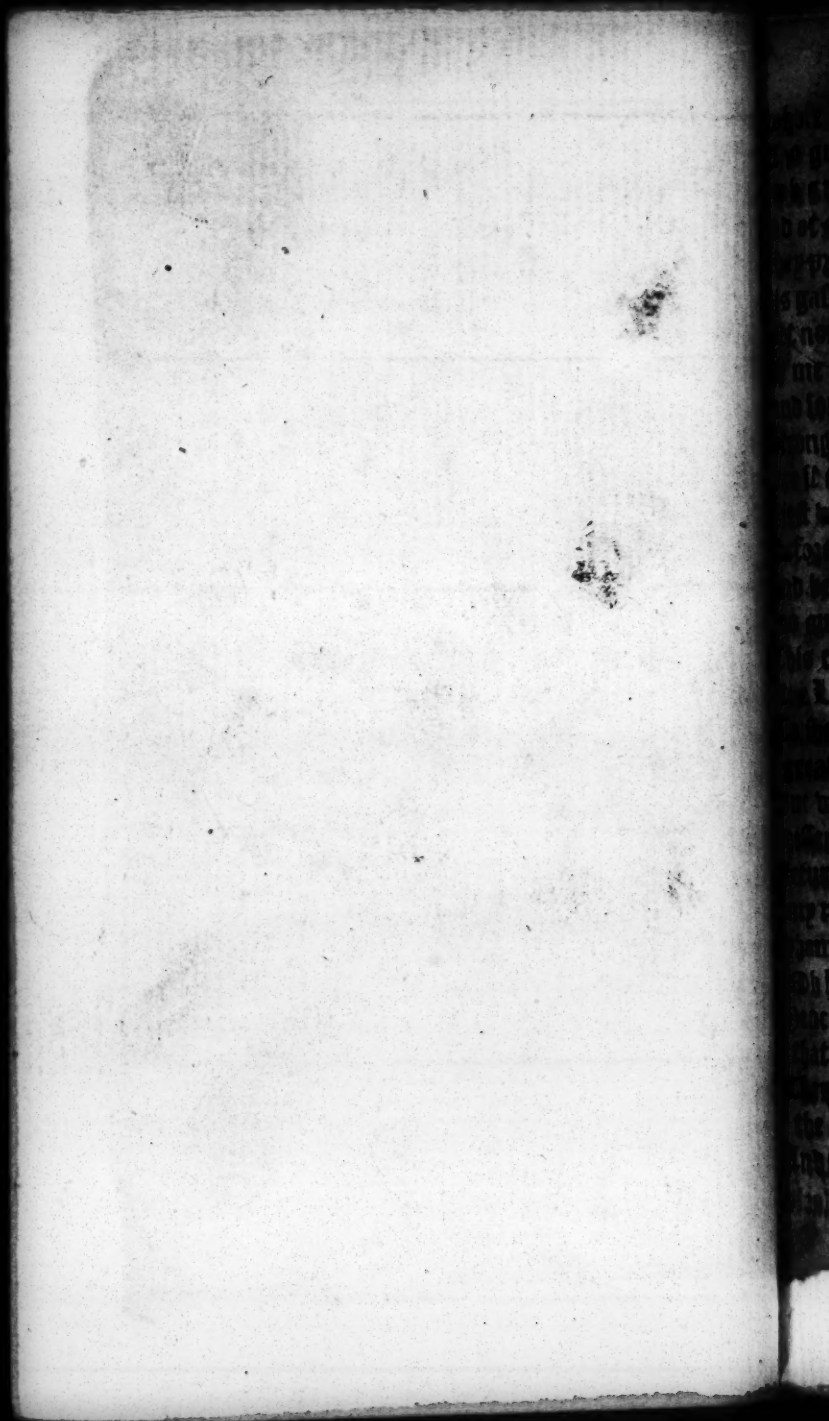
Strange Histories : Of
Lord Mortimer was so in mind,
the sweet Kings love was left behind;
And none was known a greater foe
unto King Edward in his woe,
Then Isabel his crowned Queen,
as by the sequel shall be seen.
While he in prison poorly lay
a Parliament was held straight way;
What time space his foes did bring
bills of complaint against the King:
So that the Nobles of the Land,
when they the matter thoughtly scan'd,
pronounced then these speeches plain,
he was not worthy for to reign:
Therefore they made a flat decree,
he should forthwith be depose'd be.
And his son Edward young of years
was judg'd by his Noble Peers
most meet to wear the princely Crown,
his Father being thus pull'd down.
Which word then when the Queen did hear,
(dissemblingly as did appear)
she wept, she wail'd, and wrung her hands,
before the Lords whereas she stands;
Which when the Prince her son did see,
he spake these words most courteously:
My sweet Queen Mother weep not so,
think not your son will seek your woe,
Though English Lords chuse me their King,
my own dear Father yet I bring.





Strange Histories :
then by the labour of the little mind :
Even in the time of that corrupt & ban
wed wife, by its great inhuman town.
But all in vain, it would not be (God wot)
his own consideration shall move not the same
to be the holding of something not.
It is said the Jews into the fiery furnace
were cast by Nebuchadnezzar, and being thus they found
themselves in the midst of the furnace was already upon
reaching his life, at length his keepers came
into the chamber in the year of night,
and without noise they entered from the same
way, and upon a distance touched burning oil
where the poor prisoner fast asleep lay, his
eye on his belly, nothing under his head.
He wakened advantage when the murderers
a heavy table on which they had thrown,
with much ado he was nearly he scarce could
with weight inherent they kept him under
the curtain in the clothes above his hips,
he pulled his legs a couple quickly away.
Then came the murderers, with a horn full
which set into his hand, and they thrust
another with a hot red burning pot,
quite through the horn then he strongly put
himself in the middle in most cruel wise,
forcing down most lamentable cries.
The wretch within his body they did keep
the burning oil, all roaring up and down
and wondrously the murderers then did





The Garland of Delight

What doleful time was this in the town; for
he quelling in his eyes, and in his heart;
with great compassion, his mind was
of such bitter thought, which he had
giving's to God, let to remember his fault.
His gently good in heart, & their hearts are
it none hurt to go to raise the dead to soul.
O my man! Alack, alack, he cry'd,
and long it was he's & the time he cry'd;
long was his heart, & long it was, God know
it could stamp unto the street of death,
but he it wounded with a thousand words,
before he did assign his bitter death;
and being murdered thus as you his heart,
an outward hurt upon his heart appear.
The cruel murder being brought to pass,
the Lord Matrevers to the Court his life
to save the Queen her will performed was,
great recompence he thought to get ther
when the Queen the sequel understand
scandalously the word, & and wounding her
troughed it cryed! O thou slave, (quoth he)
my noble wedding, Lord in such a case?
come and confound my light on thee?
Oh how I grieve to hear this tale! He cry'd!
once sent him away from my sight, he said
that best of me, a woman, and long
I wish shall be Matrevers, and his wife
the saddest man in the world, he said
that to Sir Thomas Gurney his scholar

CANT. VIII.







A Merchant then I shall you tell
 Which on King John upon a certain day
 To Lincolnshire proceeding on his way,
 At Swinford-Abbey one whole night he lay.
 There did the King suppose his welcome good,
 That much more it had under an Abbot's hood
 Than under the King himself in safety stood.
 Thus then the King receiv'd his last night;
 And thus they under coats of arms lay.
 The night he remain'd a guest within that place,
 That when the Lord's sun laugh'd in his face,
 They wrought great treason against his lordship;
 A hot fire was kindled with a glowing rod,
 To give the King a cup of Spanish ale:
 A wooden image was never offered more,
 But the wine went unto the King began;
 Which when the King without mistrust saw,
 He took the cup with him courageously.
 Thus while he held the poisoned cup to his lips,
 One noble thing was there that he saw,
 For calling down by name his Pynnyng







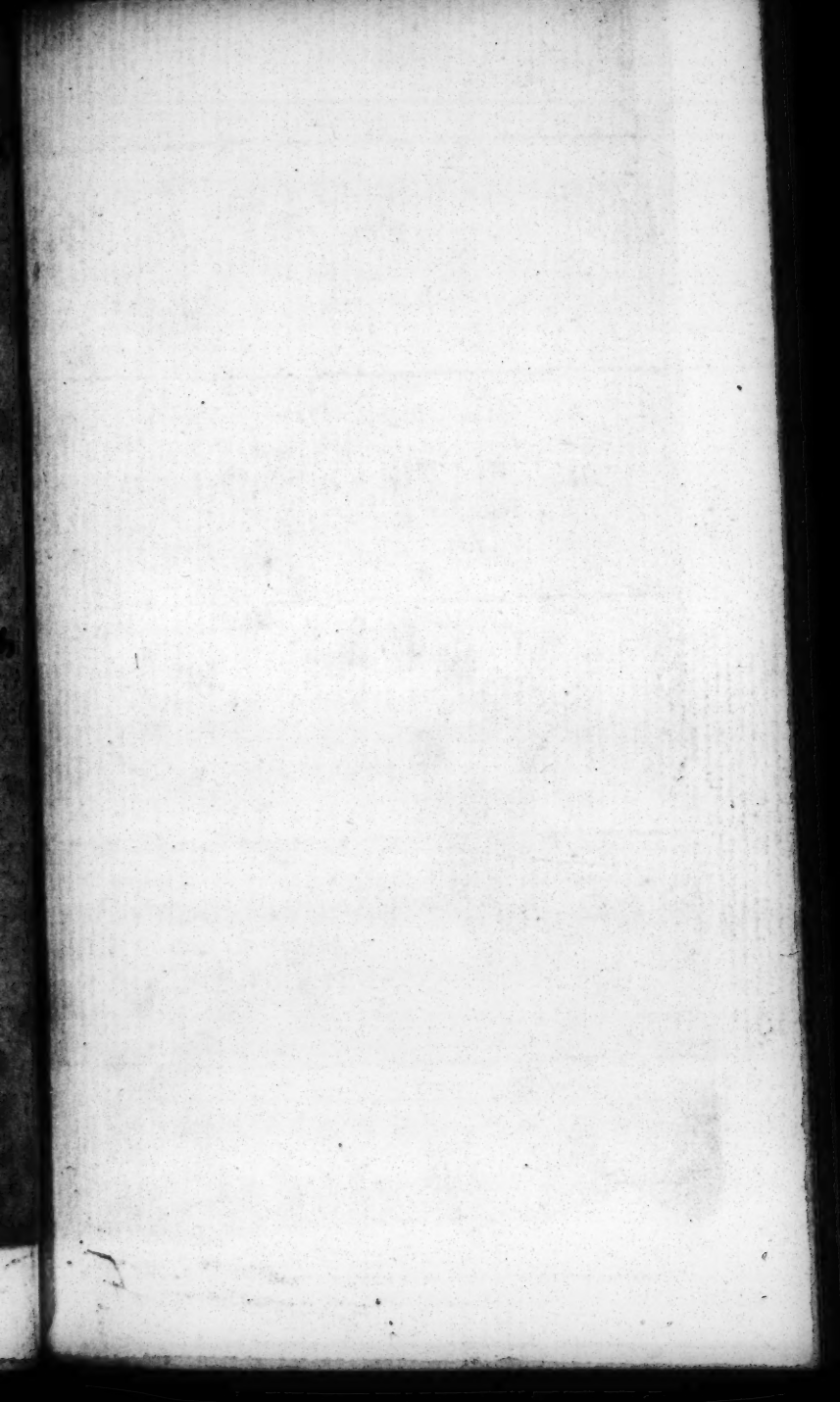
The Garland of England.

To the Tune of a Round.

When at the Duke of Normandy
With glittering sword and shield
He came into fair England,
To take his seat in the
Christmas day in solemn feast
He was the Crowned King,
Albert Archbishop of York,
And many a noble peer,
Which being low, he changed the
Customs of this Realm,
To punish such as were naughty
In statutes to withstand
In many Cities he set
In London with the rest,
And Kent his gift with hand he set,
And his laws to test.
Dover then he took his way,
To the Castle down to sing,
Which Acvirago built there,
The noble Butcher King,
Which when the Duke Archbishop
Of Canterbury knew,
The Abbot of Saint Augustine
With all their gallant crew,
They set themselves in arms
To fight with the Duke's men,
Which were in fruitful Kent
At Canterbury to the

Strange Histories : Of

upon a certain day,
Which Charles and Lewis, with bill and bow,
and kept the Conquerors way
Let us not yield like bond-men yet
To French-men in their pride,
But keep our ancient liberty,
What chance is ere betide,
With manly courage past,
Then to embrace the terrible point,
Which we so much reſist.
Thus did the British commoners cry
unto their leaders still,
With Carlew's tooth as warlike toyt,
and stand at Swaincomb-hill,
It was in the distance they see themselves,
under the shadow green,
How to get them vantage good,
at all their best unlearn
Then for the Conquerors coming there,
The English laid wait,
And when the latterly about
the English concert ;
The Conqueror spied his approach,
He sent out his band,
Then march'd on to him with speed,
each one a bow in hand,
So that unto the Conquerors sight,
array'd as he stand
They seem'd to be a walking wall



you shall be the more content
your ancient customs and laws
so that you will be full
and each thing will come
with reason at his hand.
So you will but acknowledge me
chief King of fair England.
The English men agreed to this
and laid their arms aside
and by this means King Edward
in Kent both still abode
and in no place in England
the English men remain
which they by many ways
of Duke William

CANT. XI

The winning of the Isle of Man, by the
Earl of Salisbury

In the Time of, The year is 1212

The noble Earl of Salisbury

Many a hardy knight

And many a brave knight

And many a brave knight

And many a brave knight

And many a brave knight

And many a brave knight

And many a brave knight

And many a brave knight



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The Garland of Delight

their liken Ensigns in the field: and thus
not gloriously was spoken, and thus
the horse-men on their pining steeds,
and many Scotchmen dead,
the blown Bill on their Colours ring,
the bow-men with their gray Galloways,
the lusty Lances, the piercing spear,
the soft flesh of their loins do fear,
the beating on a drum,
the trumpets sounding as they go,
Can ra ra ra tana
The Battel was so fierce and hot,
the Scots for fear did fly,
and many a famous knight and squire,
his body blood did dye,
for thinking for to scape away,
he down himselfe with in the bog,
and with many a bloody wound,
he gasping on the stony ground,
the beating on a drum,
the trumpets sounding as they go,
Can ra ra ra tana
After many a brave exploit,
that day perform'd any bone,
the noble Earl of Salisbury,
the Duke of May had won,
the King then most gallantly
the honour, fame, and blood,
the conquest of the land,
the conquest of the land.

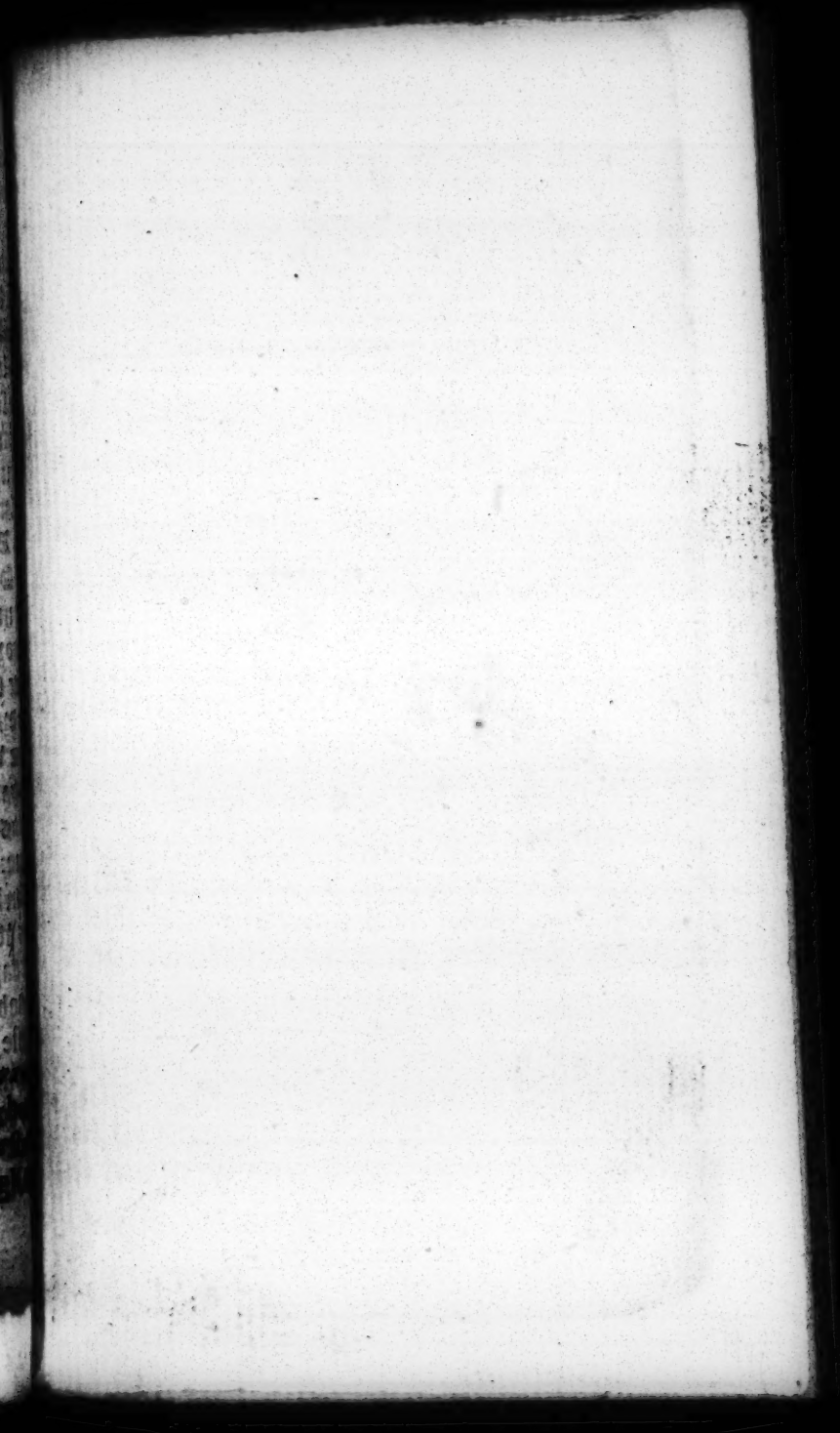
Strange Histories; Or,

Drums beating on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they go,
Can turn a peasant into a King,
Who by this means his crown doth bring,
The King rejoycing in this act,
The continent breved,
To give the Earl this pleasant Ill,
For his most valiant deed,
And forthwith did cause him than
To be Crowned King of Man,
Earl of Salisbury,
King of Man by Dignity:
Drums beating on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they go,
Can turn a peasant into a King.

Thus was the first King of Man,
That bore that Name, and was
Knight of the Princely Garter Blew,
And of great fame, which
King Edward did bestow,
And with his person royalize
Knights of the Garter are they call'd,
And at Windsor to install'd,
Which Princely Royalty,
Great fame, and Dignity,
The Knighten all is fill'd.

C. A. N. E. XIII. M. 10.

The Rebellion of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw
others against King Richard the Second
William Walsworth Lord Mayor of London
Wat Tyler in Smithfield for which the King



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The Garland of Delight.

Sir William, with
Aldermen more,
ing a Dagger to
added in the Shield
the City Arms.
To the tune of,



The Miller would on a wedding ride.

V At Tyler is from Dartford gone,
and with him many proper men,
he a Captain is become,
marching in field with five and twenty
Straw another in the case,
from Essex flockes a mighty party
Carter with his strangling train,
Shepherd comes with him again,
with Tom Miller in like sort,
if he meant to take some sport
Bows and Bills, with Spear and Shield,
black-heath have they made their field,
hundred thousand men in all,
his force is not accounted small
for King Richard with the French,
which evil to him they did intend,
the Ear which our noble King
the Commons then did bring
now because his royal Grace
did to come, with the French
spoiled Southwark round about,
the Durhams & the Flowers out,
that in the King's Bench lay.

Strange Histories; Or,

at liberty they set that day,
 And then they marcht with one consent
 through London with a rude intent;
 And to fulfil their lustfull vice,
 they set the Savoy all on fire:
 And for the hate that they had beere
 unto the Duke of Lancashire,
 Therefore his house they burned quite;
 through envy, malice, and despite.
 Then to the Temple did they turn,
 the Lawyers Books &c. did they burn,
 And spoild their Lodgings one by one;
 and all they laid their hands upon.
 Then unto Smithfield did they hie,
 to St. Johns place that stands thereby;
 And set the same on fire that
 which burned seven days after that.
 Into the Tower of London then,
 fast trooped those rebellious men,
 And having entered in the same,
 with others cries and mickle shame;
 The great Lord Chancellor then they took,
 away with fearful pitious look.
 The Lord high Treasurer likewise they
 took from that place that present day;
 And with their beating hands and skill,
 cut off their heads on Tower-hill.
 Into the City came they then,
 like lewd disorderd rascal men.
 They rob'd the Churches every where,



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The Garland of Delight.

put the Pillers in deadly fear,
to the Counters then they get,
where men in Prison lay for debt;
they broke the bars, and let them out,
and shew the Counter Books about,
suing and spoiling them each one,
in Records all they light upon,
the doors of Newgate broke they down,
and Prisoners ran about the town,
suing all the Smiths they meet
to knock the Irons from their feet:
then like villains hold of a me,
between Wat Tyler and Jack Straw,
though this outrage was not small,
the King gave pardon to them all,
they would past home quietly:
but they his Pardon did despise,
being all in Smithfield then,
with threescore thousand fighting men,
with there Wat Tyler then did bring
purpose for to meet the King,
and therewithal his royal grace
at Sir John Newton to that place,
and Wat Tyler, willing him
to come and speak with our Royal King.
at the proud Rebel in despite,
he pick a quarrel with the Knight
the Mayor of London being by,
when he beheld this villainy,
and Wat Tyler he robe then,
going in th' midst of all his men:

Sir Will.
Walworth,
Citizen &c
Fleming.

Strange Histories: Or,
Saying, Traytor yield 'tis best,
in the King's Name I thee arrest,
And therewith to his Dagger start,
he thrust the Rebel to the heart,
Who falling head unto the ground,
the same did all the Host confound:
So down they threw their weapons all,
and humbly they for mercy call:
Thus did the proud Rebellion cease,
and after followed joyful peace.

C A N T. XIV.

A pleasant Ditty of the King and the Squire
To a new Tune.

Our noble King in his progress,
as he went to the South,
Upon a goodly plain & plain,
which men do call a down & down.
So merrily he walked,
towards the Town of Portsmouth
Always by a bank side,
Not passing half a mile, a mile,
a mile from Guilford Town,
There met he with a Soldier,
was full of great lamentation,
Sick and that he was,
and ready for to dye,
Saying too he unto death,
and fortune variable.
Upon a goodly Gelding
this Soldier did ride, did ride,



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The Garland of Delight

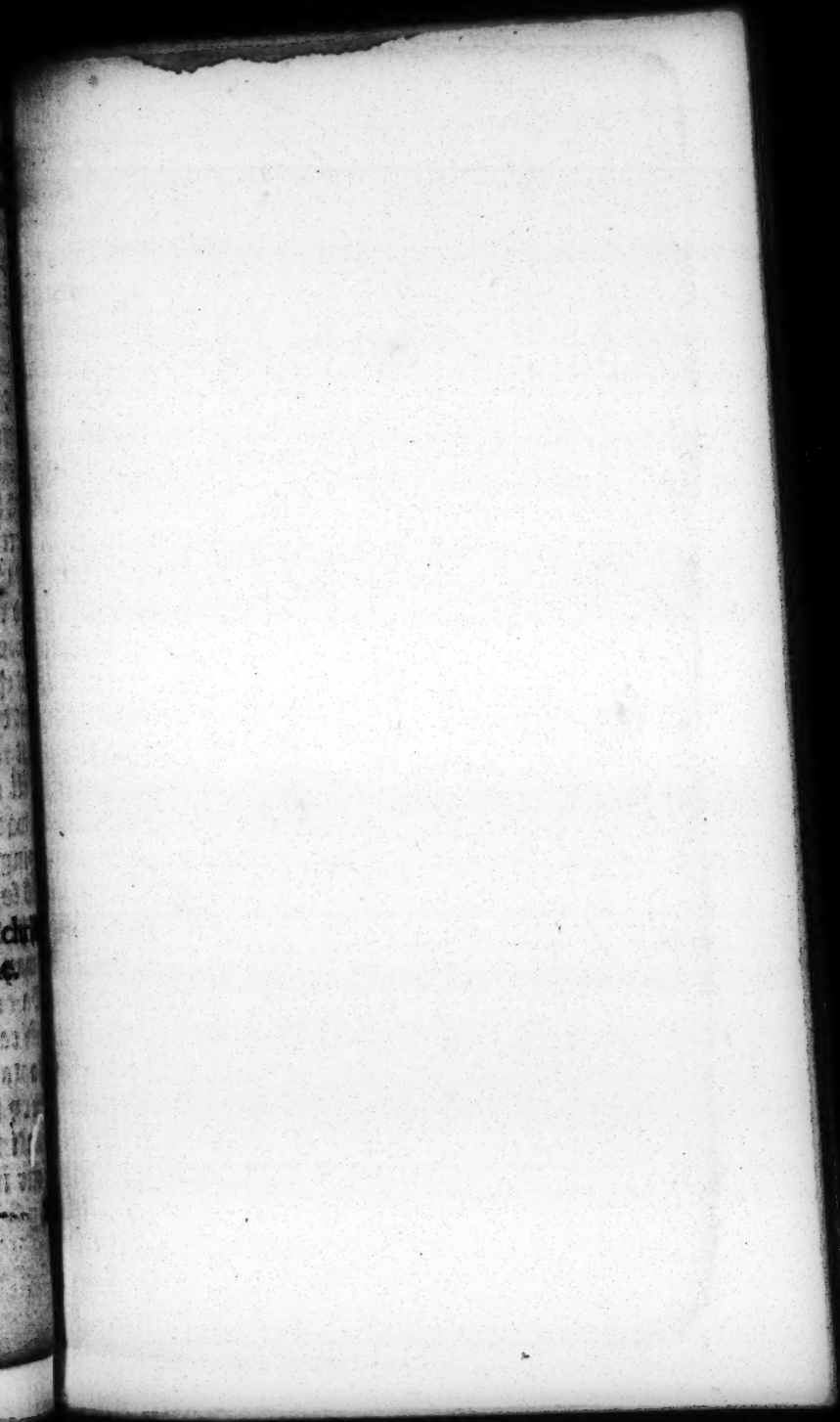
Arms they were unfolded,
The shield hung by his side,
The one foot in the stirrup,
The other hung bestride;
The saddle was ungirt,
The bridle was untied:
His shoulder kept not path,
He wandered here and there,
Sighing and sorrowing,
That ruth it was to hear;
Not like a doleful man,
But rent and tore his hair,
Saying woe be unto death,
And fortune variable.
Was not onely I alone,
But thousands as well as I, as I have heard or seen
That did behold the sorrow many
That ready was to dye,
All manner of pastimes,
Was our Sovereign's minion;
Saying woe be unto death,
And fortune variable.
It was in judgment,
Was this man's opinion;
Our nether with our noble king,
Men called him Labinion.
Captain of League,
A deep bo'd Soldier,
Sometimes a Partial man,
Our noble King Henry.

Strange Histories: Or,

A Ditty of a King that committed the keeping
of a fair Fountain of rare vertues to his eldest daughter.

To the Tune of, Rogers.

In a written Booke I find it,
Of a King that had a well,
The comfort of the Countrey,
Wherein the King did dwell,
For when that any sickness
To any body came,
As many as did drinke thereof,
Were healed by the same,
Which was a costly treasure,
And a comfortable measure,
Whereof the King made of this thing,
A Fountain passing pleasure,
And to his eldest Daughter
He gave the Keys, and taught her
The should beware, none should come there
Without a token brought her,
While she had this in keeping,
At last one cometh by,
To crave some drinke of this same brinke,
The Kings great * Enemy,
Then he nothing misdoubting,
The Pope
He granted the request,
And then the Well no better had
To cure as it had do,
At which the King sore moted,
To lack the thing he loved,
When sickness came to drinke the same,
To what effect it proved;



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The Garland of Delight

and the well up-dry'd,
King fell sick and dy'd
so did the ad-son as he,
buried by his side.

youngest Daughter living,
Princess of the Land,
humble suit unto the Gods
for their blessing hand,
make the water well again,
each thing as it might be,
might she keep the Keys of it,
all the Land but she
upon this condition,

granted her petition:
all kind of sickness
cast away with quickness.

Since this time it is not long,
England saw the likeness
of a King that left us,
worthy well of life,

eldest Daughter after him,
to a stranger's wife;
poisoned the good water,
and she then by and by

sick and could not get a drop,
the Fountain was so dry.

youngest next succeeding,
to her people needing,
made the well so well,
and prosper her proceeding.

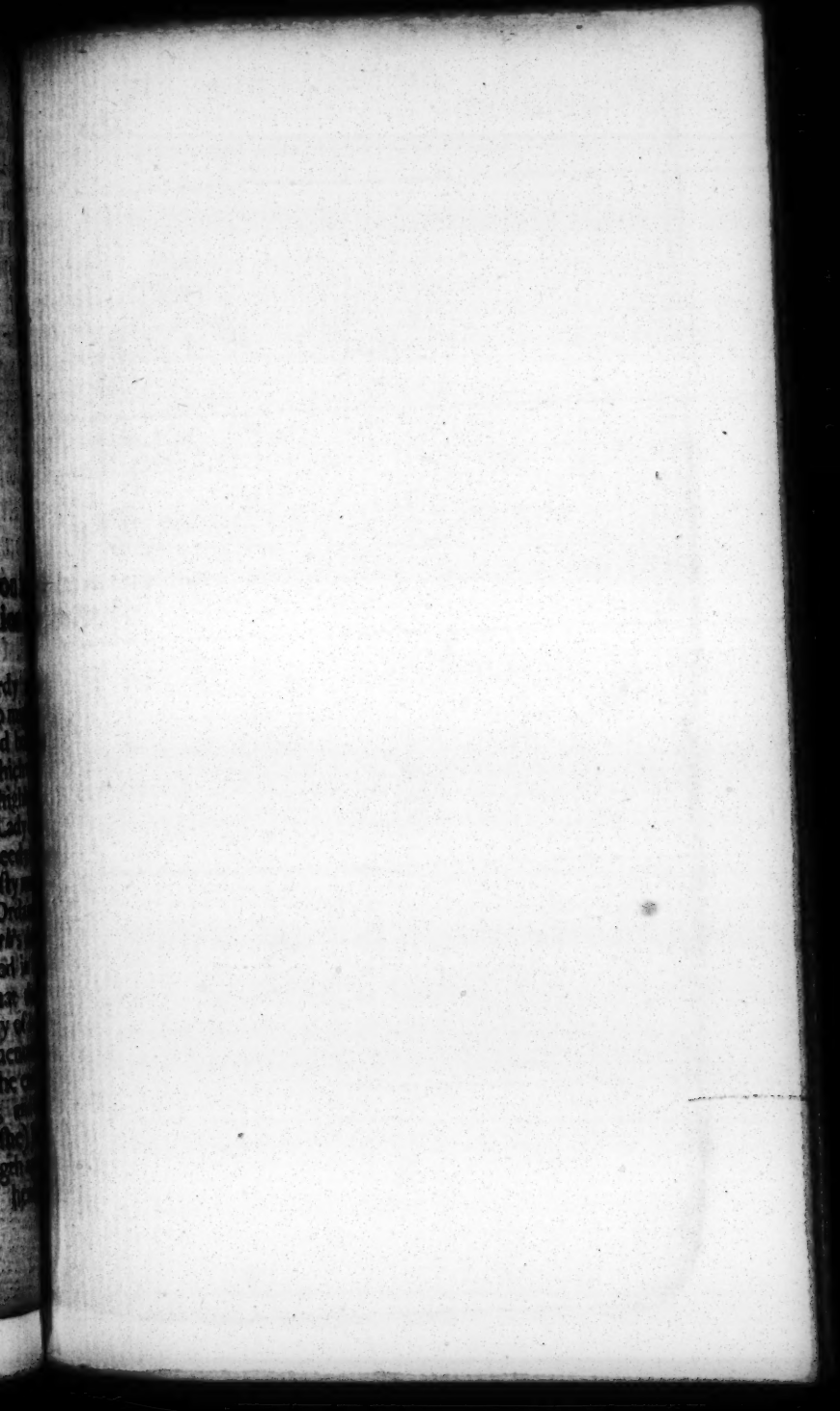
Strange Histories: Or,

For the isle and warr,
and keeps the keys most chary.
No Enemy shall come there at all,
to make the water baty



A Speech between Ladies being Shepherds on
Isbury-Plain, in the time of the Rebellion
Was Tyler, Jack Straw, and others.

Truly (said the Ladies) this was a most hardy
congruous Mayor, that durst in the midst of so
a multitude of his Enemies, arrest so impudent and
Treason, and kill him in the face of all his Friends, which
a deed worthy to be had in everlasting memory, and
be rewarded: Nor did his Majesty forget (said the Ladies)
to dignifie that brave man for his hardy deed
in remembrance of that admired Exploit, his Majesty
him Knight, and five Aldermen more of the City: Order
also, that in remembrance of Sir William Walworth's
against Was Tyler, all the Mayors that should succeed
place should be Knighted, and farther granted, that
should be a Dagger added unto the Arms of the City
in the right quarter of the Shield, for an augment
of the Arms. You have told us (quoth the Ladies) the
Was Tyler, but I pray what became of Jack Straw, and
rest of the rebellious rout? I will shew you (quoth the
Straw with the rest of that rude rabble, being at length



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The Garland of Delight

(as Rebels never flourish long) was at last brought to London; where he confessed that their intent was they could have brought their purpose to pass) have murdered the King and his Nobles, and to have destroyed (so near as they could) all the Gentry of the land, having especially vowed the death of all the Bishops, Abbots, and Monks; and then to have crunched themselves, they determined to have set *London* on fire, to have taken the Spoil of that Honourable City. But Gallows standing betwixt them and home, they were thrust up before they could effect any thing. And such (said the Ladies) send all Rebels, and especially theseperate Traytors, which at present vex the State. With one of their Servants came running, saying, Madam, Rebels are marched out of *Wiltshire* and *Hampshire*, taking hasty steps towards *London*, therefore now you need fear to come home, and commit the Flocks to their shepherds. The Ladies being joyful thereof, appointed early after a Banquet to be prepared, where they all met together again, by which time the Kings power having encountered the Rebels on *Black Heath* overthrew their whole power, where the Lord *Audley* was taken and committed to prison; from whence he was drawn to *Tower Hill*, his coat of his Arms, painted upon a paper, presented, and shown and there he was beheaded the 24th of *June* and early after *Thomas Flamock* and *Michael Jope* the Blacksmiths, were Drawn, Hanged and Quartered, after the manner of Traytors. But when the Husbands of these Ladies came home, & heard how their wives had dealt in five months past this dangerous time, they could not chide but heartily laugh at the matter, saying, That such Shepherds were kept on *Salisbury Plain* before.

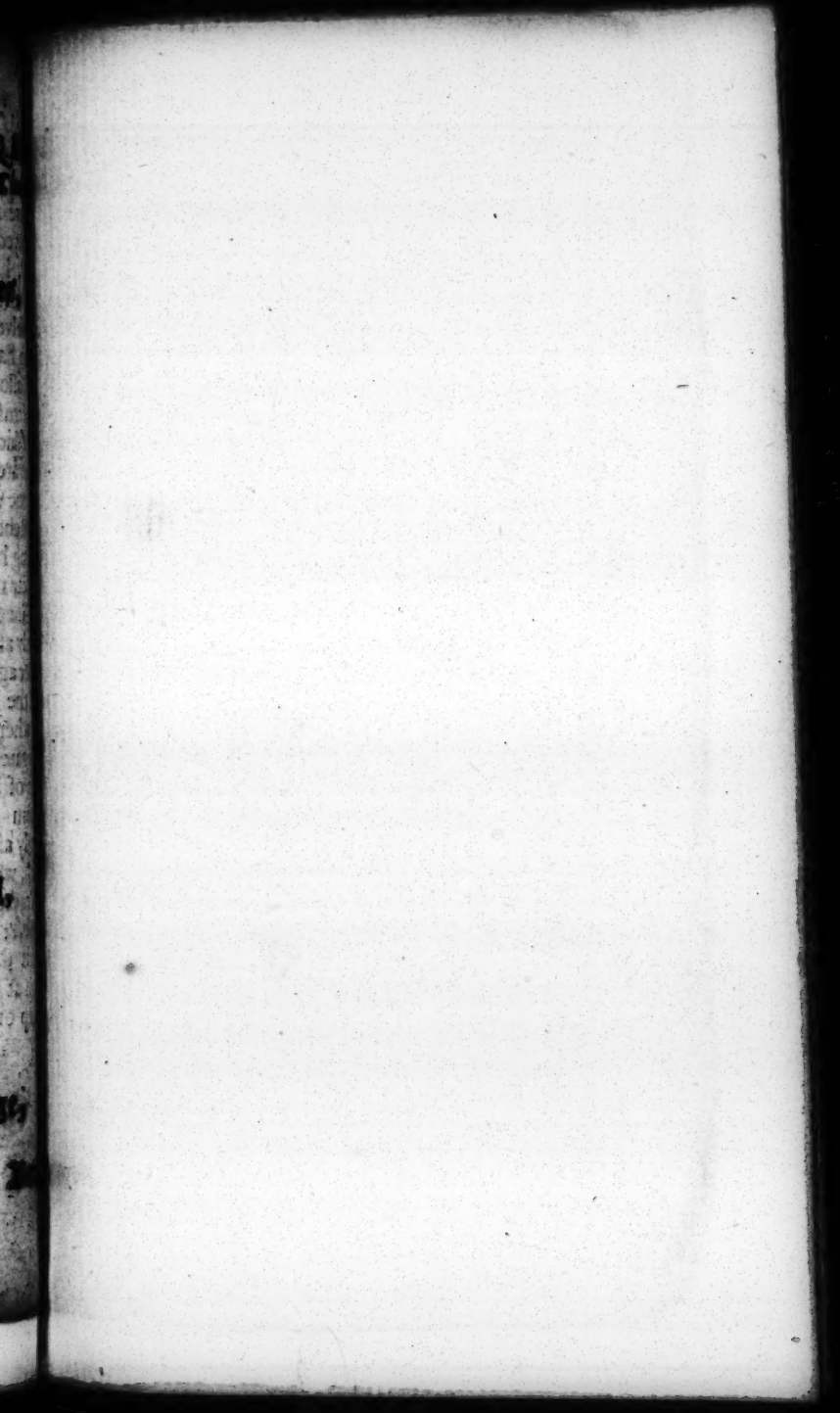
CANT

Strange Histories: Or,

CANT. XV.

A short Song on the Reigns of Q. Mary, Q.
herb, K. James, and the best of Kings, K. Charles.
To the Tune of, *In Summer time.*

When God in judgment for our sin
had closed up King Edwards eyes,
Then bloody Mary did begin
in England for to tyrannize:
Who late unto a Tyrant Queen,
her days on earth did spend,
But at the last her time expired,
her rage came to an end.
She being dead, Elizabeth
unto the Crown did come,
Whose blessed Reign did much rejoice
the hearts of all and some,
Full forty years and four, she
did reign in great prosperity,
Whose blessed name shall live in fame,
to all posterity.
Then after her succeeded James,
to reign and rule as King,
Whose peaceful Reign to great and small,
did joy and comfort bring.
Then after him came Charles the first,
by name, the best of Kings,
Although the Commons then did vote,
as needless useless things;
For then the name of King seem'd strange,
How should it otherwise chuse?



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The Garland of delight.

the very Name of King,
Reason for to use.

CANT. XVI.

How King *Edgar* of *England* was deprived of
fair Lady *Estrild* by a Knight of his Court,
and he sent on a Message to her Father, and how
King *Edgar* was married to her.



To the Tune of, Labandalashot.

When as *King Edgar* govern'd this Land,
down, down, down, adown, adown,

in the strength of years did stand,

all him adown,

his praise was spread of a gallant Dame,

which did through *England* carry fame:

for he was a King of high degree,

the Earl of *Devonshires* Daughter was he.

The King which lately had buried the Queen,

had not long time a widower been,

seeing the praise of that gallant Maid,

for her beauty his love he laid,

and in his sight he would often say,

I will send for that Lady gay;

Woe,

Strange Histories: Or,

Pea. I will send for that Lady bright,
which is my treasure and hearts delight,
Whose beauty like to Phoebus beams,
doth glister through all Christian Realms:
Then to himself he would reply,
saying how fond a Prince am I,
To cast my love so base and low,
and on a Girl I do not know?
King Edgar with his fancy frame,
to love some Princely perfect Dame,
The Daughter of some royal King,
that may a worthy Widow bring,
Whose matchless beauty brought in place,
may Estrilds colours clean disgrace:
But senseless man, what do I mean,
un to a broken Reed to lean?
And what fond fury doth me move,
thus to abate my dearest love?
Whose Age grac'd with heavenly hue,
both Hellens honour quite subdue:
The glory of her beauties pride,
Sweet Estrilds labour does deride.
Then pardon my unseemly speech,
tear Love and Ladies I beseech:
And I my thoughts henceforth will frame,
to spread thy honour and thy fame.
Then unto him he call'd a Knight,
which was most ready in his sight,
And unto him then did he say,
to Earl Oganus go the way.

Lady E.
Father



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The Garland of Delight.

Ask for Estrild, comely Dame,
Whose beauties spread so far by name,
If you find her comely grace,
Whose name hath spread in every place,
Tell her Father she shall be
Crowned Queen, & she agree.
A knight in message did proceed,
Into Devonshire went to speed.
When he saw the Lady bright,
Was so ravished at her sight,
Nothing could his passion move,
But he might obtain her love.
Day and night while he there staid,
Thought all this gallant paid:
In his suit did she woe such skill,
That at the length won her good will:
Getting quite the duty tho,
The thing he did ome.
Returning home unto his Grace,
Told him with a dissembling face,
That those reprovers were to blame,
Who so adbane'd this Maidens name:
I assure your Grace (quoth he)
He is as other women be:
Whose beauty of so great report,
Is better than the common sort,
And far unmeet in every thing,
To match with such a noble King.
Though her face be nothing fair,
Yet she is her Fathers heir.

Perhaps

Strange Histories: Of
Perhaps some Lord of high degree,
would verie glad her husband be;
And if your grace would geve consent,
I could my selfe be well content,
The Damsel for my wife to take,
for her great Lands and Livings sake,
The King whom thus he did describe,
incontinent did geve him leave:
For in that point he did not stand,
for so he had no need of Land.
Then being glad he went his way
and wedded straight that Lady gay:
The fairest Creature bearing life,
had this same night to be his wife.
And by this match of high regret,
an Earl soon after that was set. { Earl
Horsley
Cre they long time had married been,
others that had her beauty seen,
did spread her praise both far and near,
so that it came unto the Kings ear:
Who then in heart did plainly prove,
he was betrayed of his Love.
Though therewith he was heretofore,
yet seem'd he not to grieve therefore,
But kept his countenance good and kind,
as though he bare no grudge in mind.
But on a day it came to pass,
when as the King full merry was { Earl
Horsley
in Ethelwood in sport he said,
I wote what cheer there would be made;

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for

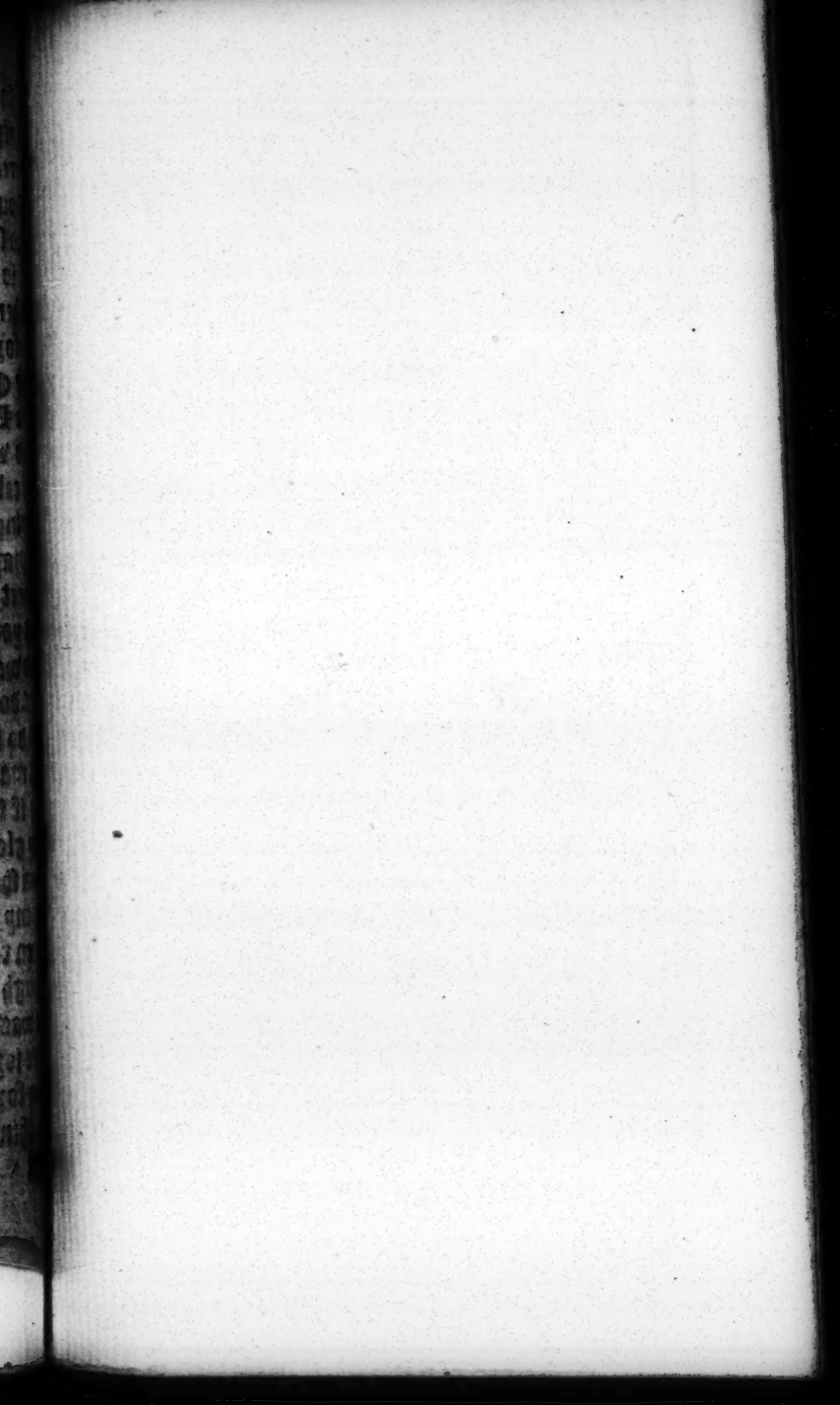
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The Garland of Delight

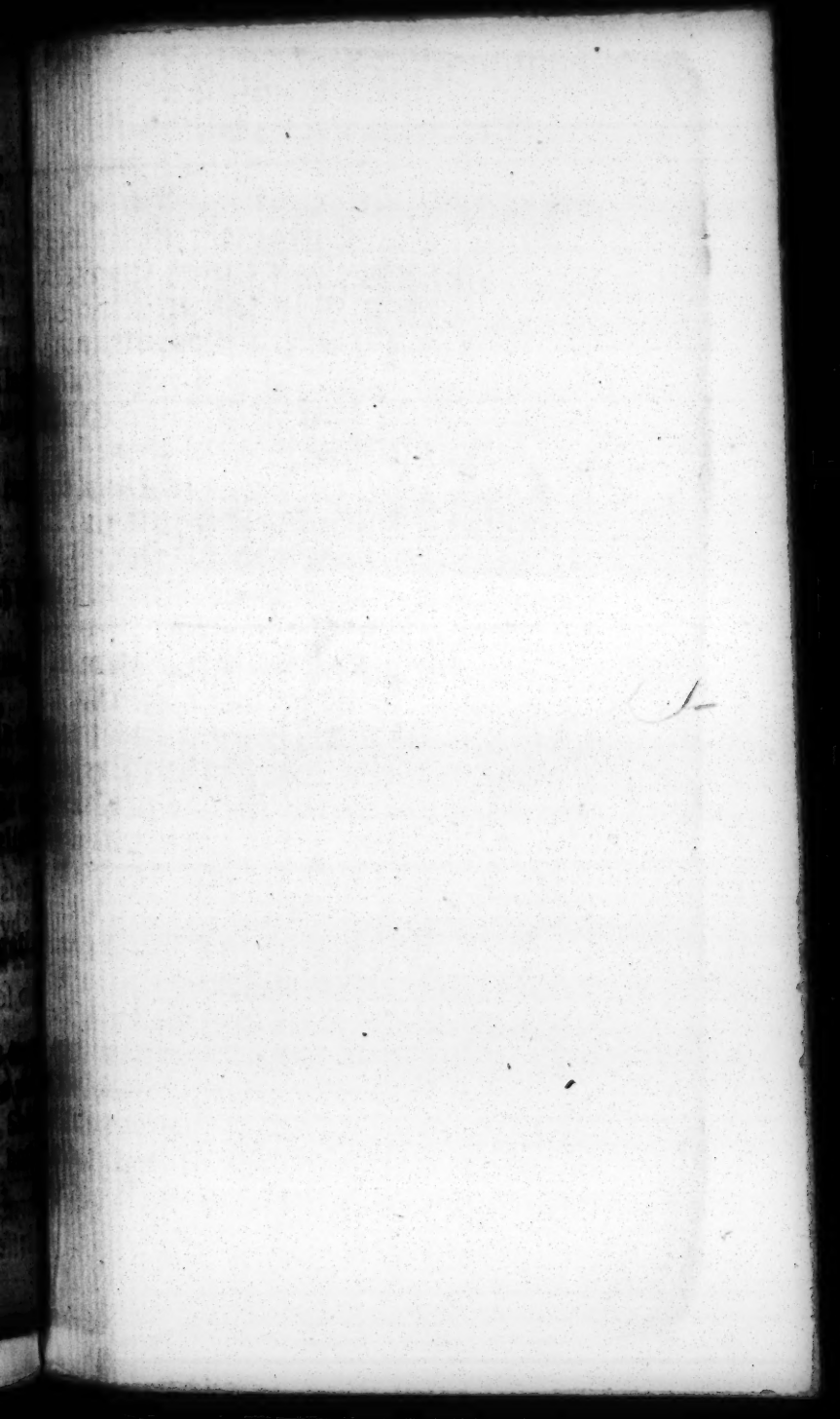
In the house of my father's house I was born
 a night of two for my father's house I was born
 the Earl of the countenance glad
 though in his heart he was full of joy
 and said your heart should welcome be
 if your grace would honour me
 when as the day appointed was
 before the King his father's house
 the Earl before hand his grace
 the King coming in to his house
 with a countenance passing glad
 call'd his name unto him
 with a sad and heavy cheer
 may you take the King's cheer
 that King (if you please me)
 your office has surely be
 well not that the King's cheer
 be the beauty of his grace
 the grace to apply
 may seem lowly in his cheer
 if the King should have his cheer
 the glorious beauty of his cheer
 should my life from his cheer
 my heart and cheer
 then to the Father his cheer
 though I did not believe the cheer
 was I in the heart of his cheer
 the joyful tidings from the King
 for the glorious beauty of his cheer
 think of this to make his cheer

Shirley Hildesheim, Obit

[illegible]



Strange Histories: Of
 The Rockborough: & the more of the
 And by the force of warlike men,
 belleged therein a gallant fair Lady:
 while that her husband was in France,
 this Countesse sought to advance,
 her noble son Earl of Salisbury,
 against William Montague robe then
 King: who wrote the King for Scotchmen
 to be sent for in case he did appear
 against him: that fair Lady from Scotland
 sent word the Scotchmen to stay for
 Edward our King: who said that he
 they told of that: but she can never tell
 how that when he was first sent
 forth warlike to France, she and some
 others had a gallant dance his men from
 when he had not been so used before:
 but she lets nothing from the world to know
 how she longer that he love: she shows
 for in her only beauty was his heart's sole
 with humble then when he was
 she thank her heart to God:
 what then had gotten danger from the
 King (which he) from his heart,
 although she was so full of care.
 Each day (told she) all went from year
 then is the thing that he in love, & made
 for the sake of the fair Countesse of
 she little knowing his count of grief,
 all perforce his highness to be made.



The Garland of Delight.

What beest thou doing, I, I am a maid, quoth she,
I come hither unto thee.
Now God forbid my heart should be the same,
I were worthy for to know
And grownd of this point, but I am not
Could be helped, if it was in me
Sweet to perform the thing I do
In Ruby gap:
For the sorrow of my heart, I will be true,
I swear by all the saints in heaven,
Quoth she:
Let my Lord have no mistrust of all he sees,
When take thy self aside, he said,
For the beauty hath been
Wounded a King with the love of a woman,
And then the merry word,
Which expel a Prince's love,
And I like, or else in courtly love,
You have your will, my heart is true,
And the love that I may give you,
Is in the beauty of my face, which is true,
Take then away my beauty, and I will be true,
And thou not swear to grant me love,
All that I may I will do,
Then for my love, let the true love be true,
For I love your love, I will be true,
I cannot give to me your love,
The more belongs unto your love,
I would your Grace be true, only I am true,
For a wanton tale might tempt Dame So.

Strange Histories. Or

Got from your love I have my Love
my steps to stay.

But from your mother's tempting tale,

Ed. I turn again my Love bright,

Come unto me my heart's delight,

you is the comfort of my penitent heart.

Here comes the Earl of Warwick he

The father of this fair Lady:

my mind to him I mean for to impart.

War. What is my Lord and Sovereign

is grace's friend.

Ed. Because that I have lost the thing

I cannot find.

War. What thing is that my gracious Lord

which you have lost?

Ed. It is my heart, which is near dead.

With fire and frost.

War. Curs'd be that heat and fire for

which such a cold has brought me.

Ed. O Warwick I am not young nor vain

it is the daughter, noble Earl.

That you have brought me that precious

which has my heart, yet do I see

War. If that be all, my gracious King

that breaks your grief.

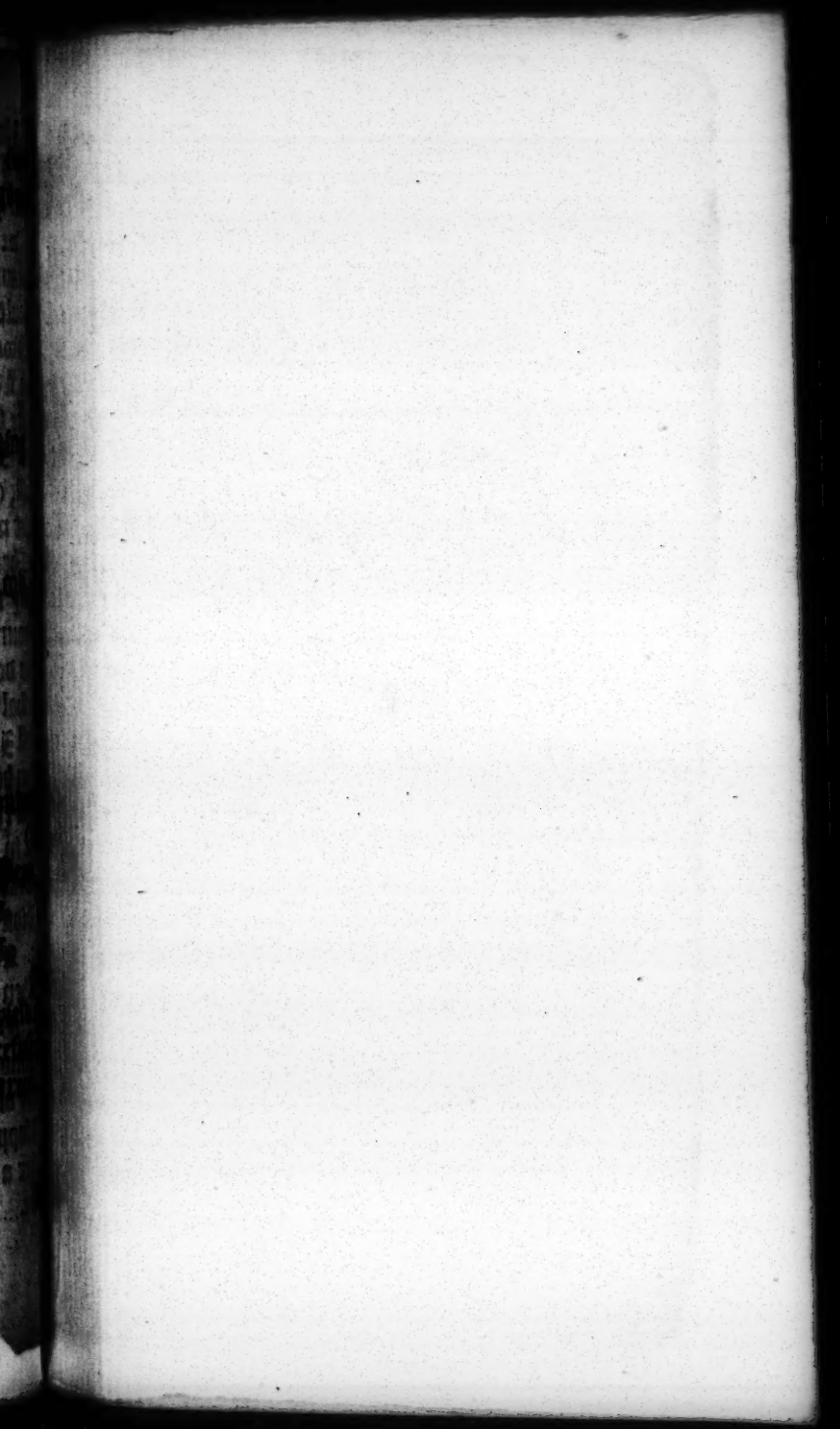
I will perform the criminal name to you

For shall she my daughter be, if she

the love and favour of a King may be.

Thus says Warwick, and he says

And quite contrary to his law.



The Garland of Love

When he saw the heavenly creature
Who shall wait thy long day here, (quint 10)
A page I want to be;
No royal thing more than thy great
My King will be, let thou be him
To grant the love.

Cont. No love the King, the husband love
I could desire.

He. It is true charity to love my King; but he is
Not true love so charitable to appear;
The greatest may be true, but the least
In his Kingdom cannot buy out the least
Desires the love that may be true; the love
Is my duty to be true to him;
Is not the honesty to give him love.

Cont. I think to be a true husband to thee
He. How shall I love thee my husband?
I would love;

He. I have a golden name, and the great
Can take into thy heart; I will give him
Let my better love be thy great power;
Can with a smiling face go to
Wright and make him my love;
He. I will be thy love, and thy love will be mine.

Cont. I go now to the King, and I will
Be a light to his love.

He. The King desires that I should
Be come the day of my love;
The King did say:

He. My father did me, Sovereign I was,
I will obey.

Strange Histories: Or,

Ed. I shall, if you will grant me but one

Ed. I grant it thee my Lady, what a're thou

Count. My husband is alive, you know,

And let me kill him ere I go,

and at your command I will ever be.

Ed. My husband now in France both red

Count. So, no, he lies within my breast,

and being so high, he will my fall confer.

Amh. Alas that she started from the thing,

and took her knife.

And desperately she thought to do her self of ill.

And being up started from the thing,

her hand to lay.

Count. O noble thing, you have made

your work with this knife.

Ed. Thou shalt not be the best of us.

Count. When will I see her lie with thee?

Ed. As like you will, and let me hear the blow.

And thou in honour and high state.

And thy true love and wedded bliss.

And heart will be with thee again.

CANT. XVIII.

A new Dialogue between Trillem and Crest.

and how they both ended their lives.

To the King of, L.

Trillem. There is no pleasure in it.

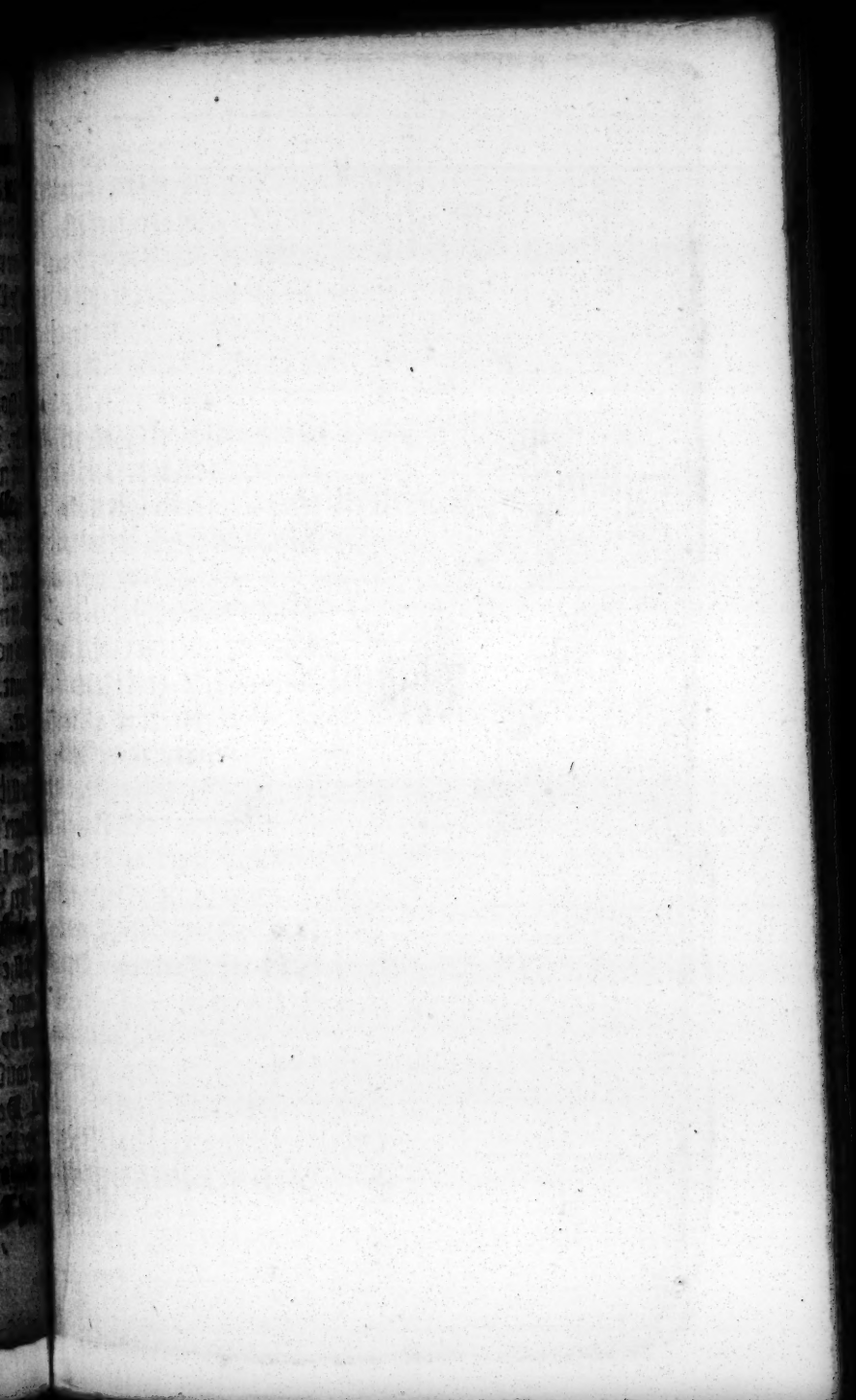
Count. I have none.

And fortune, both my fate and mine.

the crowning fates agree:

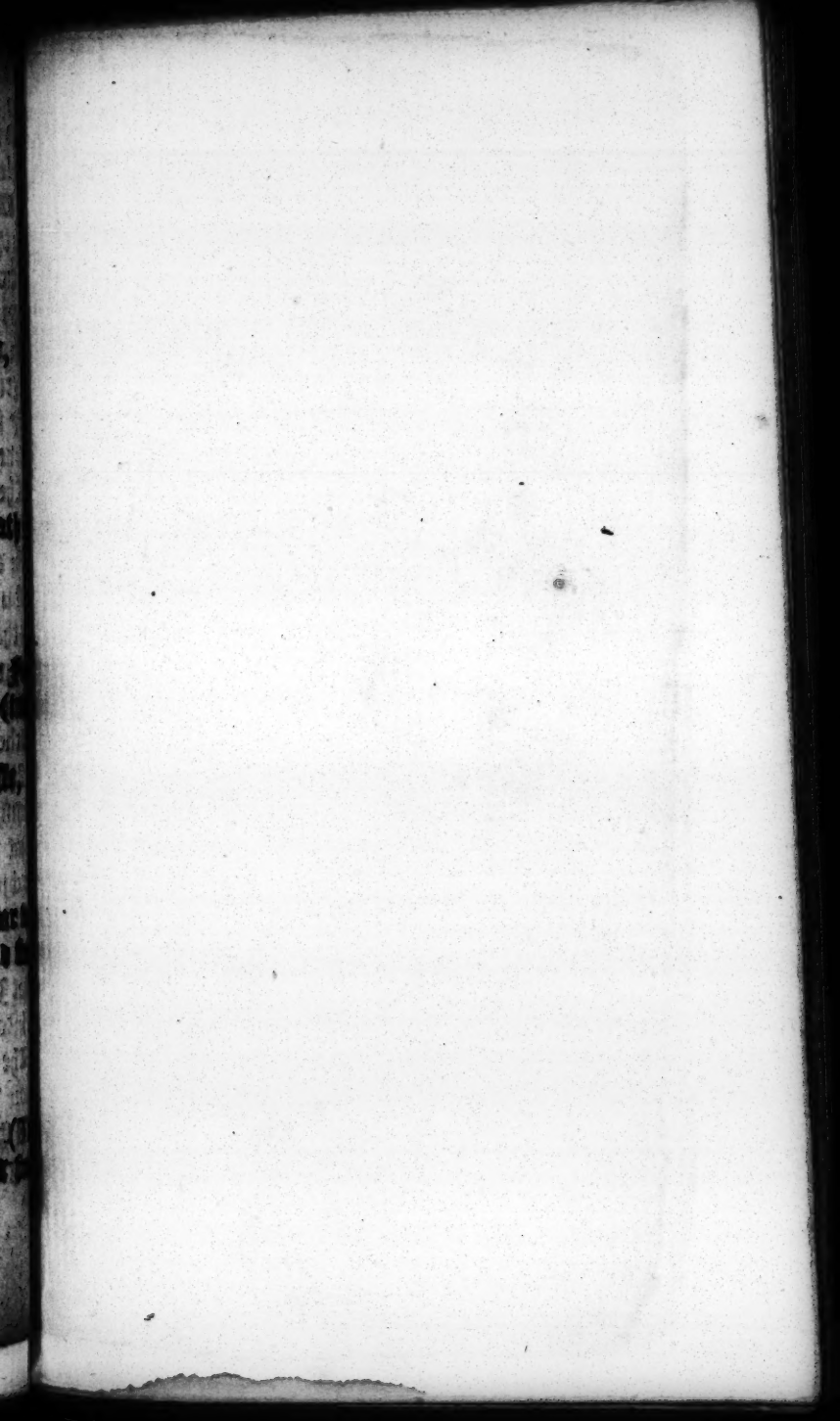
To banish my pleasure and that.

And



Strange Histories: On

The Greeks will batter, and they shall see
 and tell thee much matter and say
 The Town of Troy they will destroy,
 ere they depart away.
 Cress. You know the talk doth busily run,
 as likely it will be,
 while the town is held the Greeks will come,
 and they with Queen Hellen, my mother,
 will quickly be making away.
 Then presently my father and I
 will come to our friends in Troy.
 Troil. Now since thy father Calchas hath
 so lately lost his name,
 he dare no more approach the walls
 of Troy for very shame:
 but he will think rather bring Priam my
 should him reward without regard,
 and give him a Traitors meed.
 Cress. To save these words we do but waste
 time in words,
 What Acheneas will here be placed,
 and I for him proceed,
 What would you desire, your father a little
 When to your mind what way you would
 to hinder the Greeks of me I will not
 Troil. Alas my love Cressida, I
 you know you have my heart,
 And if thou labour'st for my dear,
 then let us both depart
 In secret manner away we must wander



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The Garland of Delights

fathers lie, I will not be a
 I may have my joy.
 Now God forbid, my only Lord,
 you should be so defamed,
 such a sort to blench and blot
 honour and our good name
 would wish her self to be Calchas daughter
 they will say you ran away,
 fear of the Grecian crew
 what need you pass for peoples eyes
 ought that they can see
 I may pass the time in sport,
 whether my Lady gave me
 sheeks would attain thee,
 my son could comfort thee to
 Calchas he would sooner agree
 fear of their ships he held
 Nay rather mark my Troilus true,
 that means I mind to leave him
 I may keep my promise
 guard us both from blame
 with Grecians together
 five days twain shall see me again
 I am a Lady true
 Alas my love and Dian and her
 what way could you be his
 blind their eyes that he so glances
 and wits that he so will
 ten days they keep you,
 they will come to seek you, be sure

Then

Strange Hillier: Or,

When Troilus I do boldly say, I will not
lose hope of any Cure.

Cres. He is not worthy for to have
a Lady for his love,

That for her sake will not brouchsafe
some bitter pains to prove.

If ten days absenting you cannot be willing
Then would you sure small pains endure,

For your fair Ladies sake.

Troil. For ten days space to lose the light,
would grieve my heart full sore,

yet for thy sake my Lady and love,
I would bide ten days more,

But thus much I fear me,
the Greeks will deceive thee alone.

When Troilus he, forgotten shall be,
as one that had never been born.

Cres. I then perceive thy Lady and Love,
thou dost love mistrust.

What, do you think the Greeks can move
to make me prove unjust?

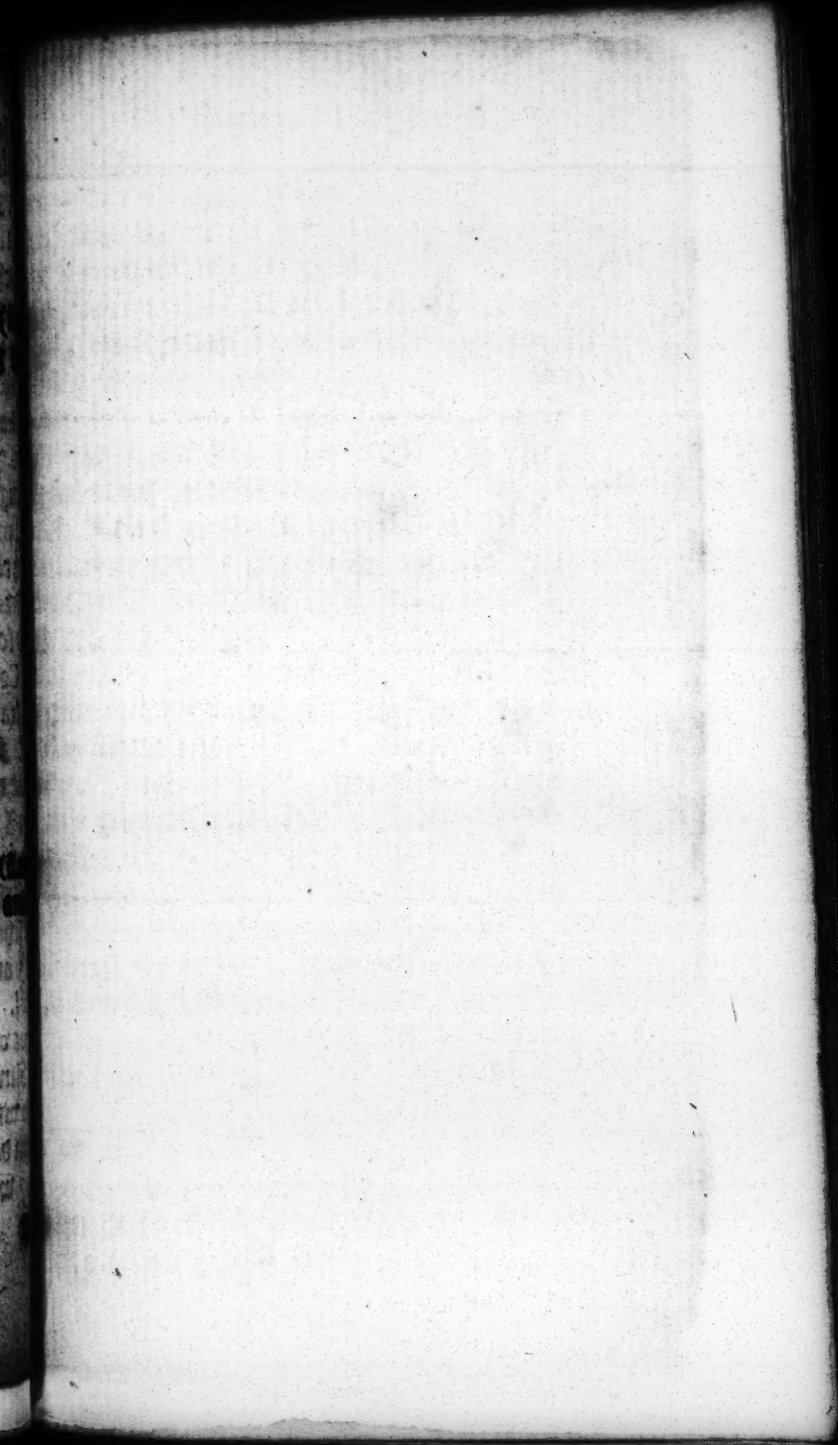
Yes then I will see the Gods with wild fire
consume the war, without delay,

or put me to greater shame.

Troil. I cannot think my jewel of joy,
thou wouldst be found untrue,

But at the putting out of Troy,
to give thee warning due,

Remember thy promise,
my faith and assurance to me,



The

The Garland of Delight.

Whom thou shalt see that I will be,
A trusty knight to thee.
The Sun shall want the burning beam,
The Moon shall lose her light;
Paris with her sit her Armes
And run through Troy in sight,
All her ward be turning,
And it was springing again,
For I to thee unfaithful will be,
A foil of my promise to plain
And thus at last they parted both,
Into their grief and pain.
But Cressida she broke her oath,
And never came again.
But as she deserved to, Can he reward her pain,
For the full poore from day to day,
A loathsome Leper men.
When Troilus did perceive and see,
His Lady was untrue;
And that she falsly removed had,
To Diomedes his due:
With heart distressed himself he addressed to fight,
Through her disdain, there was he slain,
By force Achilles might.

CANT. XIX.

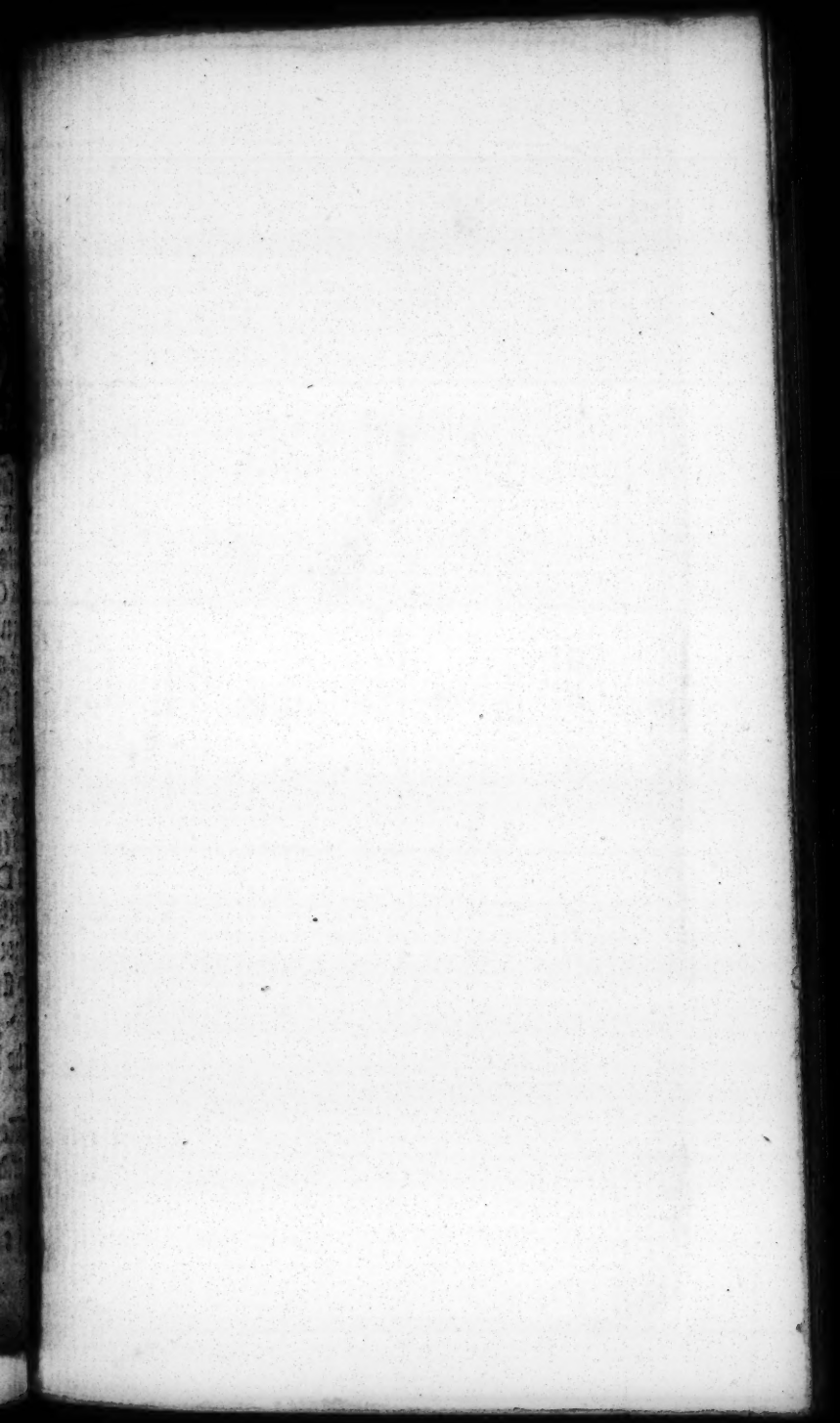
The Lovers complaint for the loss of his Love.

To a pleasant new Tune.

Wander up and down,
And no body cares for me,
Though I am poor and beaten,
In constant will I be.

Strange Histories: OF

My dearest Love farewell,
 a thousand times adieu,
 Seeing thou hast forsaken me,
 and changed for a new,
 I never gave thee cause,
 why thou shouldst me forsake,
 Nor never brake the faith that you
 that you and I did make:
 Farewell my dearest Love,
 I took thee at the word,
 And sayd I'd beate the bush,
 and another to catch the bird,
 I will go range abroad,
 He find some other thing,
 He has known the world a while,
 I would have kept her still,
 Would you have chide my will,
 (He answered him again)
 You might have done it in the wood,
 you know your time and when,
 I never saw my dearest Love,
 so this I make my vow,
 And sayd I'd beate the bush,
 and another to reap the fruit,
 I always will be true,
 I never will be false,
 I see my true Love where she goes,
 I hope she'll come again,
 I have a pretty tune,
 belonging to a Song:



Thou always wedd'st to me, and when
thou travel'st still in possession, but
look pender where my true Love is,
he will neber change againe, so of
Therefore be rul'd by me, and do as I
and let that Lover pass; for I have
If thou look well, thy chance may be
to find another Lais.

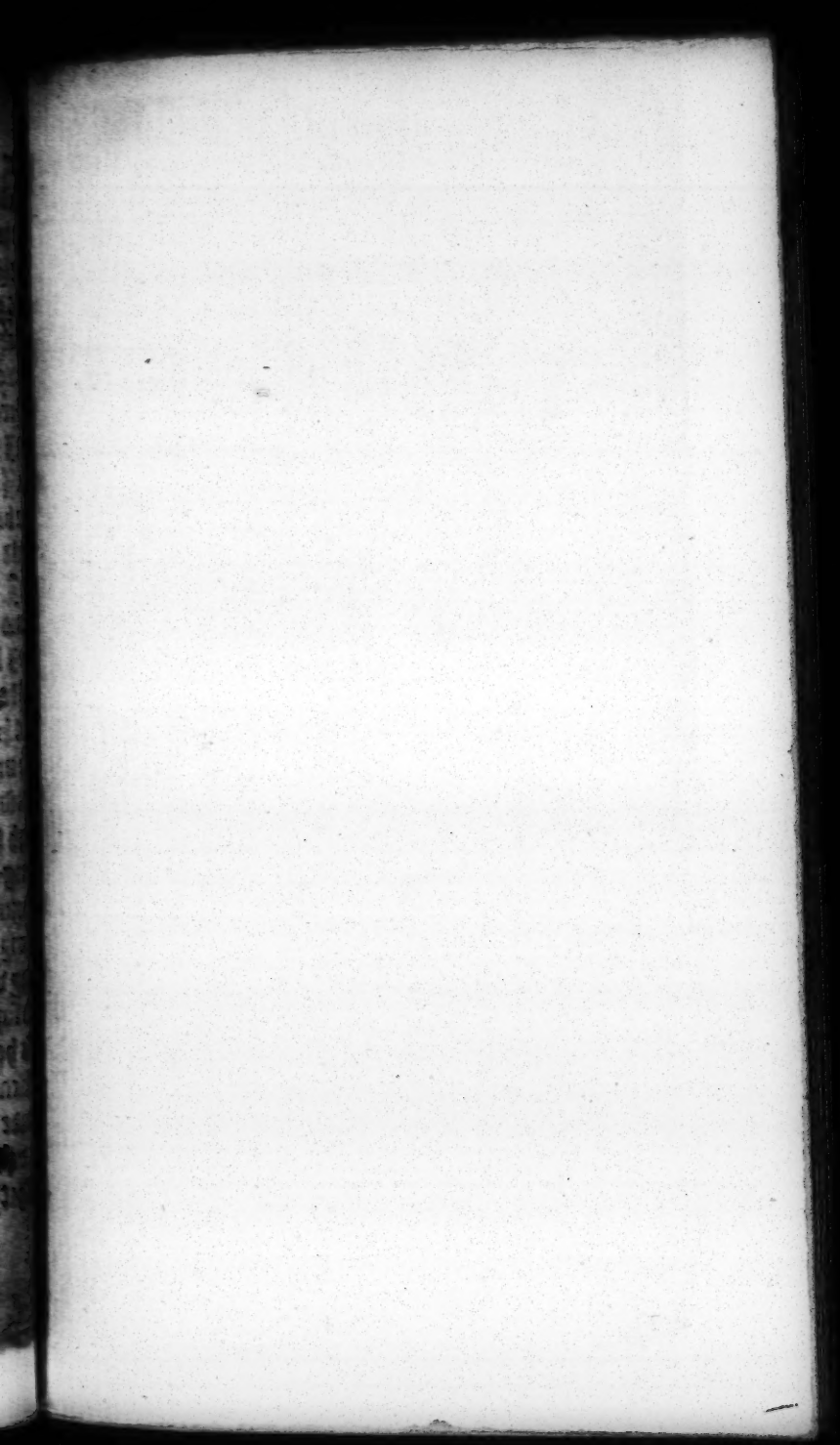
C A N T. XX.

The Unfortunate Lover.



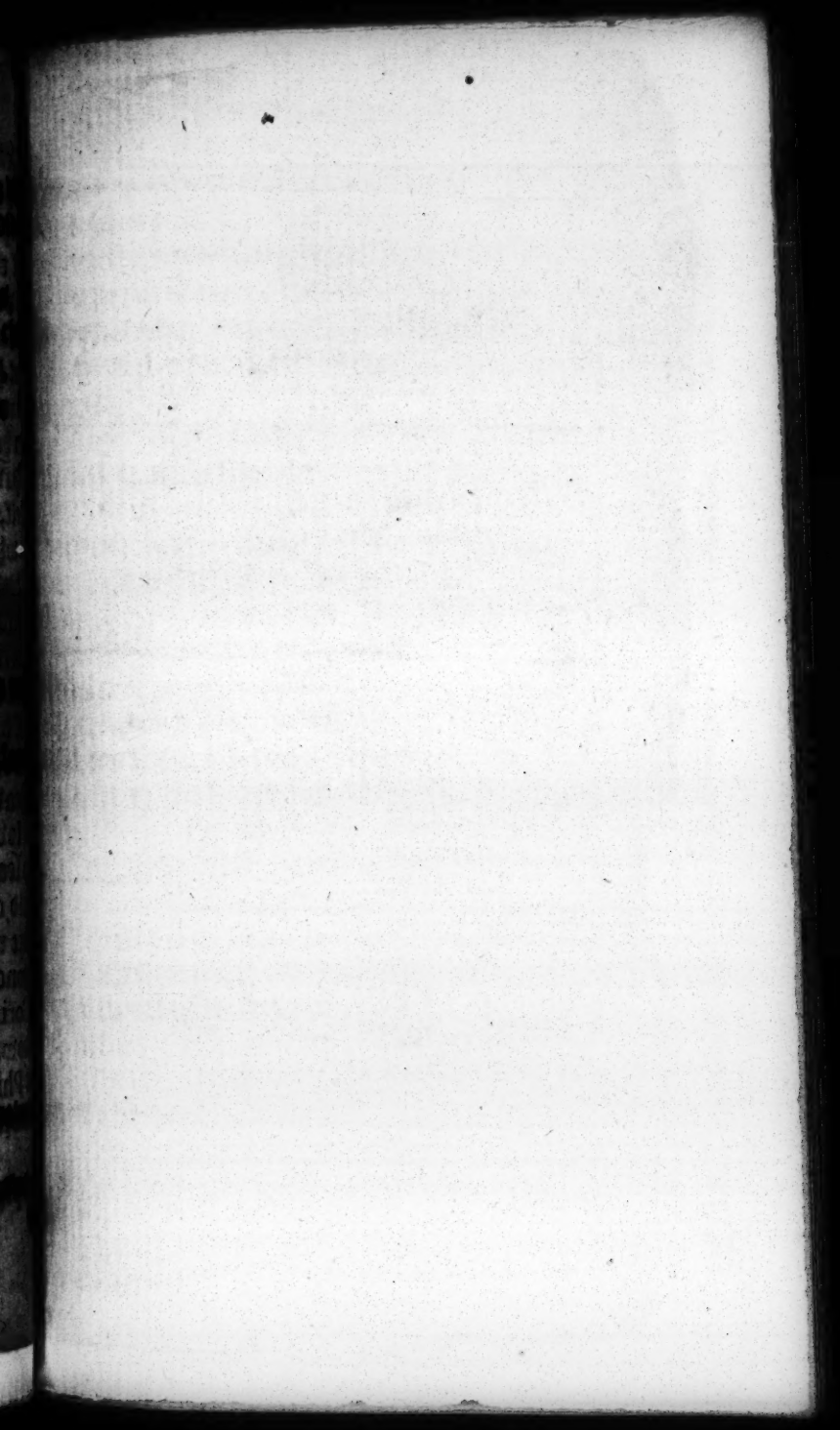
To a pleasant new Tune

My sweet and dearest Love, I will
to thee I make my moan, for all
I wander up and down in grief, since
my joys are from me gone, and
To thee I make my moan, for all
some comfort I hope to find, for I
That comfortless I feel alone, in
and troubled with care in mind, for
I never gave thee cause to be
why thou shouldst me deny, for
For neber went from thy faithful heart
that in my heart doth lie,



VV

When I was in the Phrygian
the
In
Her when
the God
Stay
farty and turn
Hon
turn the fair eyes
O turn, O
and let our red lips
Pitty, O Daphne, pity, O Daphne, pity,
pitty, O Daphne, pity,
she gave no sign
but still did neglect him the more
he still did entreat, he still did
and earnestly pray
father, nephew,
wile to love thou
But with my
He cry to thee
But it then will turn
He please the felicity :
Pitty, O Daphne, pity, O Daphne, pity,
pitty, O Daphne, pity,
Away like Venus
the red blood
her plaintive
sighs



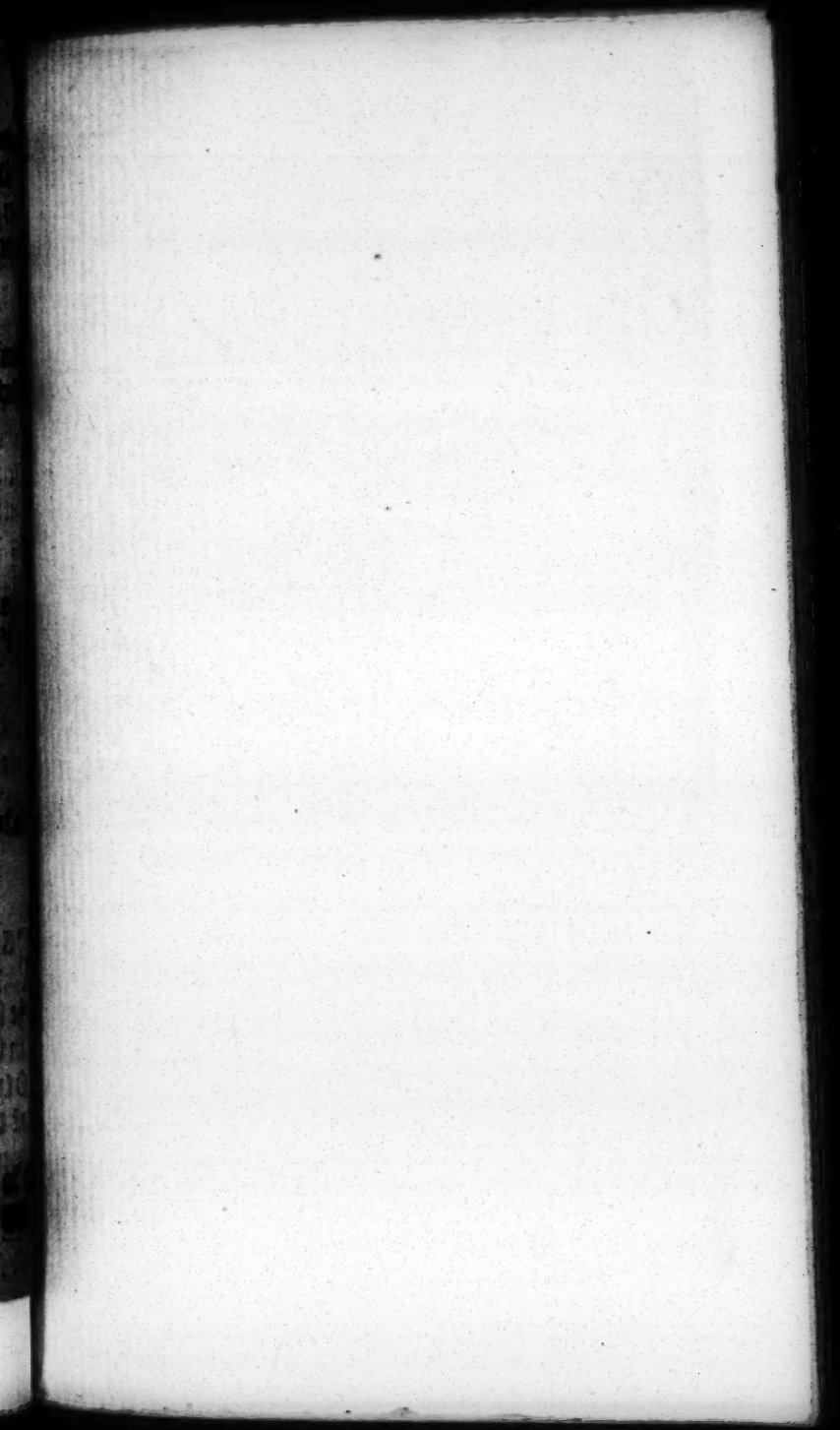
Or,
Why dost thou thus? that both love
The more then either should, or chaster turn
Thou dost me once, let not the mind
O'try me, try me not, you fly me:
If both me still believe,
To shew though you be true,
Where you not made me for a man? (the
The time will come when you cannot one
I love you more, more than you can
O'try me, try me not, you fly me:
And think upon me then,
You will not long deny me.
Let me but know the cause of your denial,
If it be right, that I can never love, like, or hate
Command it; I'll obey, and surely thou shalt see
O'try me, try me not, you fly me:
And let me be your mate,
And never more deny me.
Now I must cease, my lust is in pain,
My sight the taking of mind, I cannot love oft
The pleasure taken to see me live in pain,
O'try me, try me not, you fly me;
All love I will disdain,
and if you do deny me.

CANT. XXIII.

Her Answer to the wooing Lover,

and To the same Tune.

Come my Love, come,
Sit down by the Dear,
And nearly Palmyre, the Goldenhead
rest:



The Good and Delight

So strange, who needs to fear?
 Try me, try me off, e're you fly me:
 Because I did say, will you hang me? or
 I look strange, but what my heart, all o f
 perhaps will allow, that will be offered now
 Try me, try me off, e're you fly me;
 I might be, how to die, if you hang me
 But you say what e're I have said, you
 But by my nap, should I appear a mad
 you a mad, but by being not esen
 Try me, try me off, e're you fly me
 The first I pray, and the last if you hang
 And nay when you did me hang,
 Therefore play the part that you should be
 You have kind proffers, but not you
 Try me, try me off, e're you fly me
 Could you be true before, and now hang me
 Spades for lightness of mind, or a
 Spades minds are first if they the place
 must wait, that cannot win the hand
 Try me, try me off, e're you fly me
 Is not so blind as you, if you hang me
 Is flowers compare to me now
 You have the impression of me that on them
 Is, He says, more chaffers for that they
 Try me, try me off, e're you fly me
 That you hate the day, all others
 You hate the day, all others

Servant of the Lord, Or,

CANONICALS. XIV.

The Lovers lamenting the Love Man
To the Tune of, Dittie of Nan to day.

VVhen that I call to mind
my great extremity

When no way can I find

ease for my miseries

I sit me down to weep,

lost by my folly,

To wear the Sackbut gay

Which hath given me pain

I weep by day and night,

but no man knows it,

I curse my foolish heart,

my gesture shows it,

My heart with bleeding tears,

my eyes with weeping

Which would have made me dead,

Venus blood springing

From the Love Man to day,

my pretty Nanney,

My heart, my love, my joy,

and mine own comfort

Which hath been my life

And now it is my death

It is the life of the Love Man

It is the death of the Love Man

It may be, gentle heart,

that I may find

that I may find



The Gentle Shepherd

all me then gentle love, I will not cruel
 on the fire of Love, I will not cruel
 not disdain me I will not disdain
 of my constancy, I will not disdain
 but a point of love, I will not disdain
 then my gentle love, I will not disdain
 between me and thee, I will not disdain
 art a piece of gold, I will not disdain
 be away all my fears with the sweet kiss
 with thee, I will not disdain
 me a piece of gold, I will not disdain
 I will not disdain
 shall the heart of mine, I will not disdain
 that heart of thine, I will not disdain
 most joyfully, I will not disdain
 and rejoice with me, I will not disdain

CANT. XXV

Parting Lovers farewell to his Love



To the tune of, *Virginia*

late it was the change, and I was
 a walking boy to be, I was
 summer time, I was
 my company, I was

Oh,
although I have heard many,
I heard one sing much more,
I think her name was Naomy,
Her sweet and gentle voice,
Her silver sounding voice,
Could make an eagle's heart
as soft as all swans;
I wish my better heart,
no sweeter pleasure my,
Do nothing else unto me,
then still to be with Naomy,
Her sweet and gentle voice,
Her beauty Helen's,
Her constant Diana's,
They will with her compare;
You Cynagyrus may fear,
lest that they all do misse her,
Wish you that you that are
once worthy to kiss her,
If that Apollo's light
among us were exile;
Her pretty wit would it console,
and make it somewhat mild.
She may can I compare,
the Irish Harp to you;
Wherefore I sing, I say, I call you to
cast all your Cares at Naomy's feet,
The Nightingale may cease,
and never sing again; :
G. G. G. + 2



The Complaint of Lullaby

How many birds will sing
their singing is in the
the music I desire
there be ne'r so
their tunes are
into thy voice
there is nothing
as pleasant
to be heard
and be
I tell thee
and I will
I will
to conclude at last,
and bid
but I will
that none can
I never
but I will
wherefore my Nanny, do not grudge,
because I love sweet Bess.

CHANT. XXVI

The comfortable Answer to Nanny, shewing her
constant love to her best beloved.

To the tune of *Virgin*

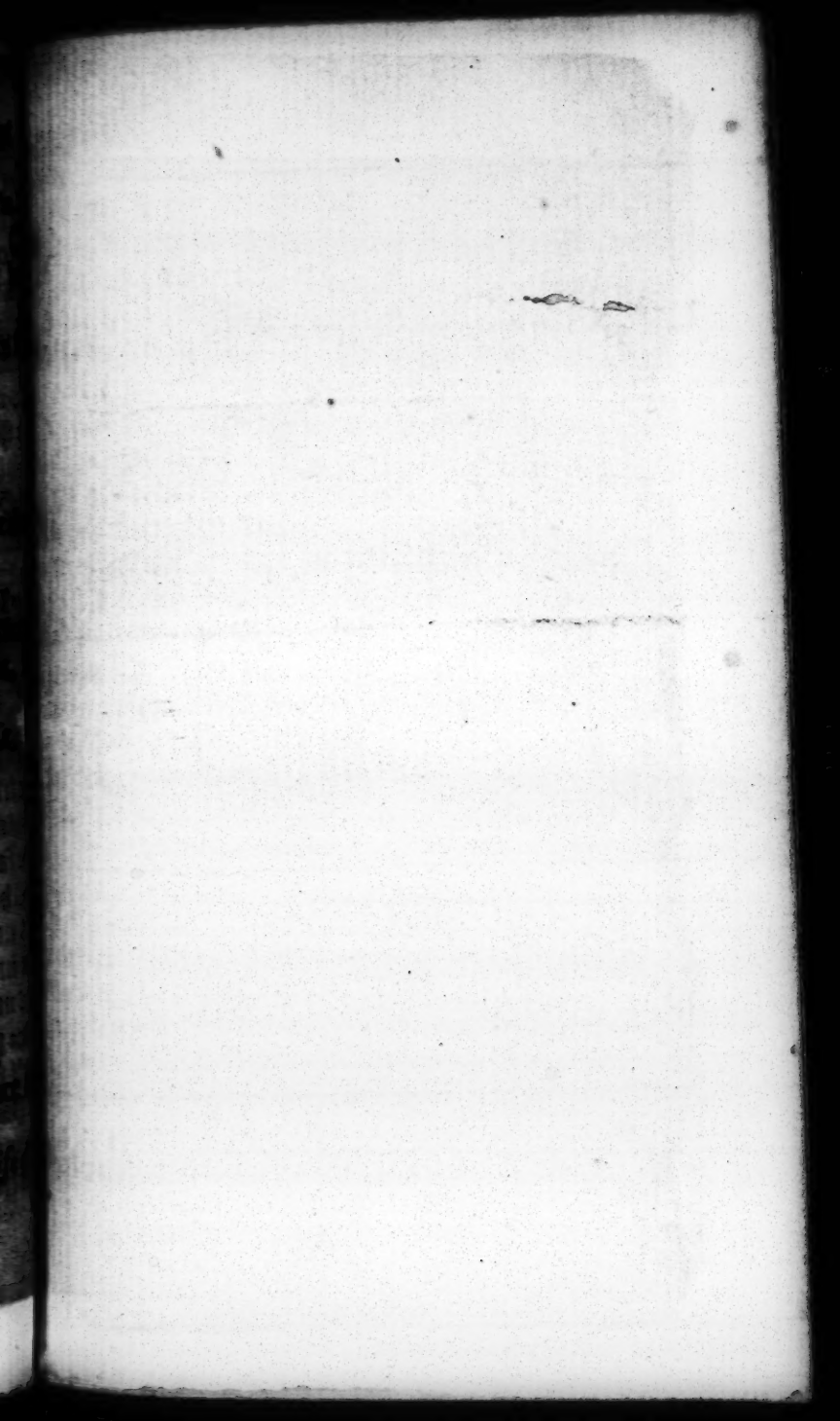
I am the lover, innocent,
and so I will be still,
so that I may be blameless,
then call me what you will.

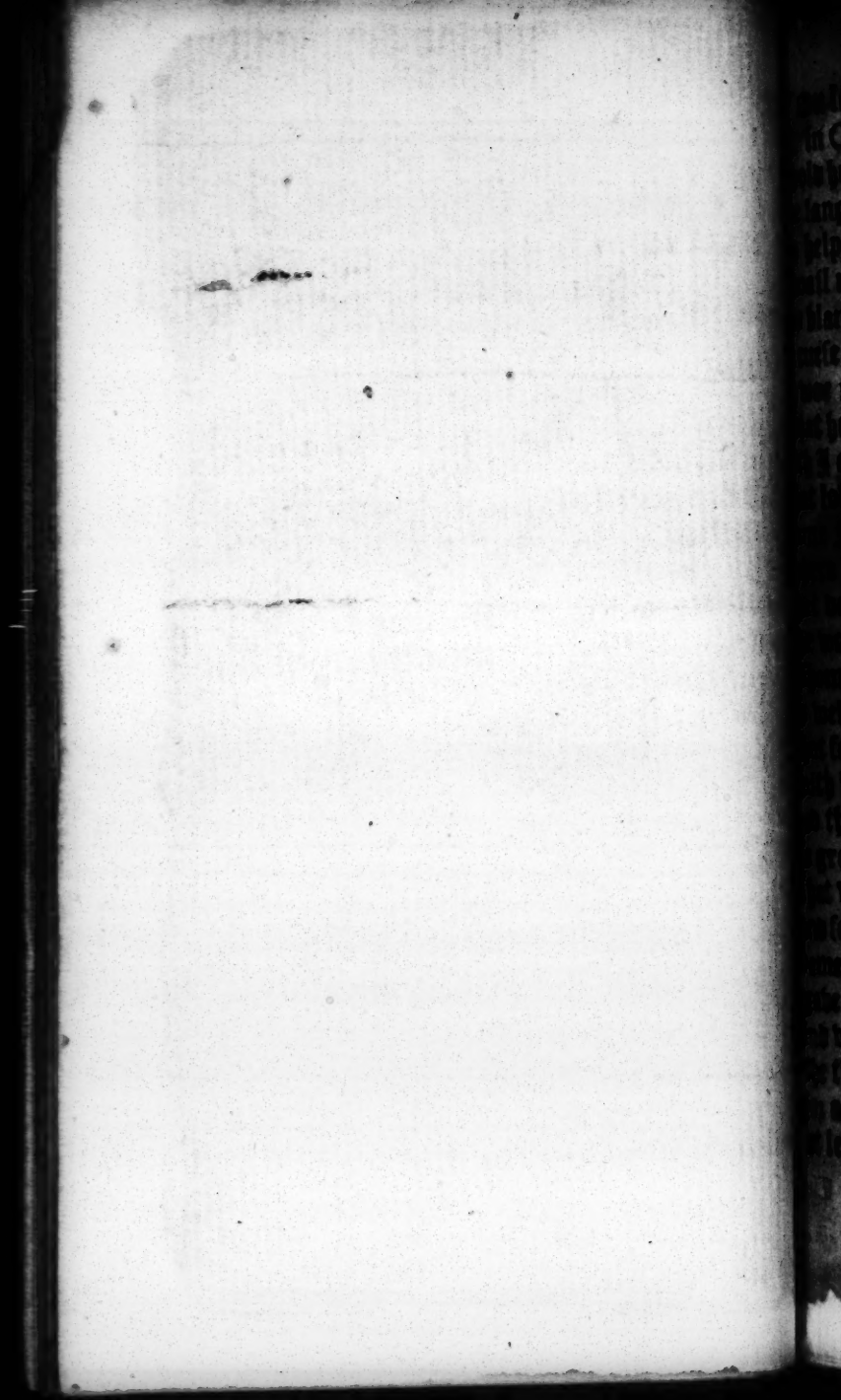
I hope of that which cannot fail,
 yet once I hope in thee to meet,
 Remote from that which I do fear,
 till proof thereof I see.
 Though fortune do not follow me
 according to my will,
 The proof of my behaviour
 is for to love her still.
 Intending not to change,
 so long as life both last,
 But in the youth to run the race,
 till youthful days be past.
 And though I am far from thee,
 I will not thee deny;
 I love thee, and no more,
 trust me assuredly:
 Your virtues Love I take to hate,
 for riches I desire;
 I hope to have in time of need,
 well for be both you and I,
 If he is a Part of intellect,
 that grows under the skin;
 At times all things are holly loth,
 and grow all things are done;
 But time is the best of all,
 which needs be tried most often;
 Hoping in God while life both last,
 you will be true and just;
 When I behold the shadow of your name,
 which shall most pleasant will be in my mind.



Where I let my heart be set for ever
never will I change my love from him
Like the Diamond which will I endure,
never changing for any other.
Never will I give, but that I do like,
from my Love his right I will not take,
Faithful shall he find me, as he hath bin
to promise I have past:
What in word I vowed then, my heart allows
to be true while life lasts.
I do respect favour of affection,
needs I must afford a proper mean.
If I weigh his wit of his behaviour,
Pallas seems to sit all his deeds to view:
All the prudent sort may full well know
what in him they do behold.
Nature and the rest seated in his breast,
all the Graces crowned with Gold.
Troilus may be named, Priamus assured,
to behold his constancy;
Many do it prize, only I may glory
of my happy destiny.
If that Hellen fair for her wanton Paris
will in time spare to possess his sight,
Nothing quite shall both her fame and honour
for the bravest prize of that gallant fight.
Bringing with Troy sorrow and annoy,
by a long and weary way:
So that Priamus shall well may use the day,
that did cause the great Troy's fall.







The Complaint of a Lovers

in Cupids ragg'd
languishing in pain
with doleful sighs
my woful state
blame was not his
my cruel fate
now is my woful state
that hatred has
I am tormented thus
I love me tenderly
my pleasure brought me in a state
I am a slave
both before to be
when of this I
well she pleased mine eye
my fancy will to me
her to live and dye
then the blinded
grat'd me with this
with a dart he wounded
loved her flesh to me
my pleasure in a moment
the way to our request
and we enjoyed, but not long
the thing which we like a bell
as the Summers day
length comes to an end

Songe. The. Or,

So she becomes my heart
that wontome was my heart;
The while that we were
our passion was but small,
For when I call'd for her,
the Diuine brought me all.
God knows the geas my heart sustains
for her that is my heart:
For since I saw my sweeting fall
I think it twenty year.
When I would waite abroad,
to spend the lightsome day,
Huge heaps of care crosse my mind
for her that is away.
When darksome night draws on,
to bed with tears I go.
And if I chance to sleep a while,
it doubleth then my woe.
For when I wake, I do perceive,
my choise to be away;
Rememb'ring of my solons arms,
how he full sweetly lay.
When rustle soft sighing labes,
then, then renewes my care;
I tosse, I turn, I cannot sleep,
and that man like I fare.
No world, nor worldly thing
my sorrows can appeale,
Until my eyes shed streams of teares,
and then I find some ease.



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The Garland of Delight

I up as the cocke
 lean my reule to head
 and fits of fancy then
 went me in my bed:
 morning to I pray
 Gods uport my knee,
 I may never sleep again,
 wates would so agree:
 put I on my Cloths
 and herest of joy,
 curse and ban most bitterly,
 means of my annoy.
 I for sport would trudge abroad,
 fearful wate to trall:
 ch was sometime my chief delight,
 did my senses fail:
 I would eat or drink
 nature to sustain.
 meat receiv'd will not digest,
 turneth back again:
 I in my mind
 none of help is past:
 I lay unto my self,
 God this were my last.
 I saye that know not yet
 force of Cupids barf,
 are and will, arise in time
 fear of further smart:
 I well the end
 you eugh



213

Strange thinges, Or
 When you may your selfe afford
 to have no lack therein
 Before you knowe he
 to the you may be held
 That love will tance will not let be,
 when once you are in hold.
 The valiant should not when he doth
 submit himself to hold,
 But rather with with tance to die,
 then either live or slea.
 When to my faithful heart,
 my Schlenet's detest:
 live or die I will not change,
 while breath is in my heart:
 I were faine to be
 of gods and men accurd,
 But never will I change my choice,
 let fortune do her worst.

CANT. XXIX.

The delicate wooing of a Maiden of Honor
 Gentleman of Norfolk, in the beginning
 of the reign of Q. Elizabeth, which Gentleman
 was a retainer to the good D. of Norfolk.



